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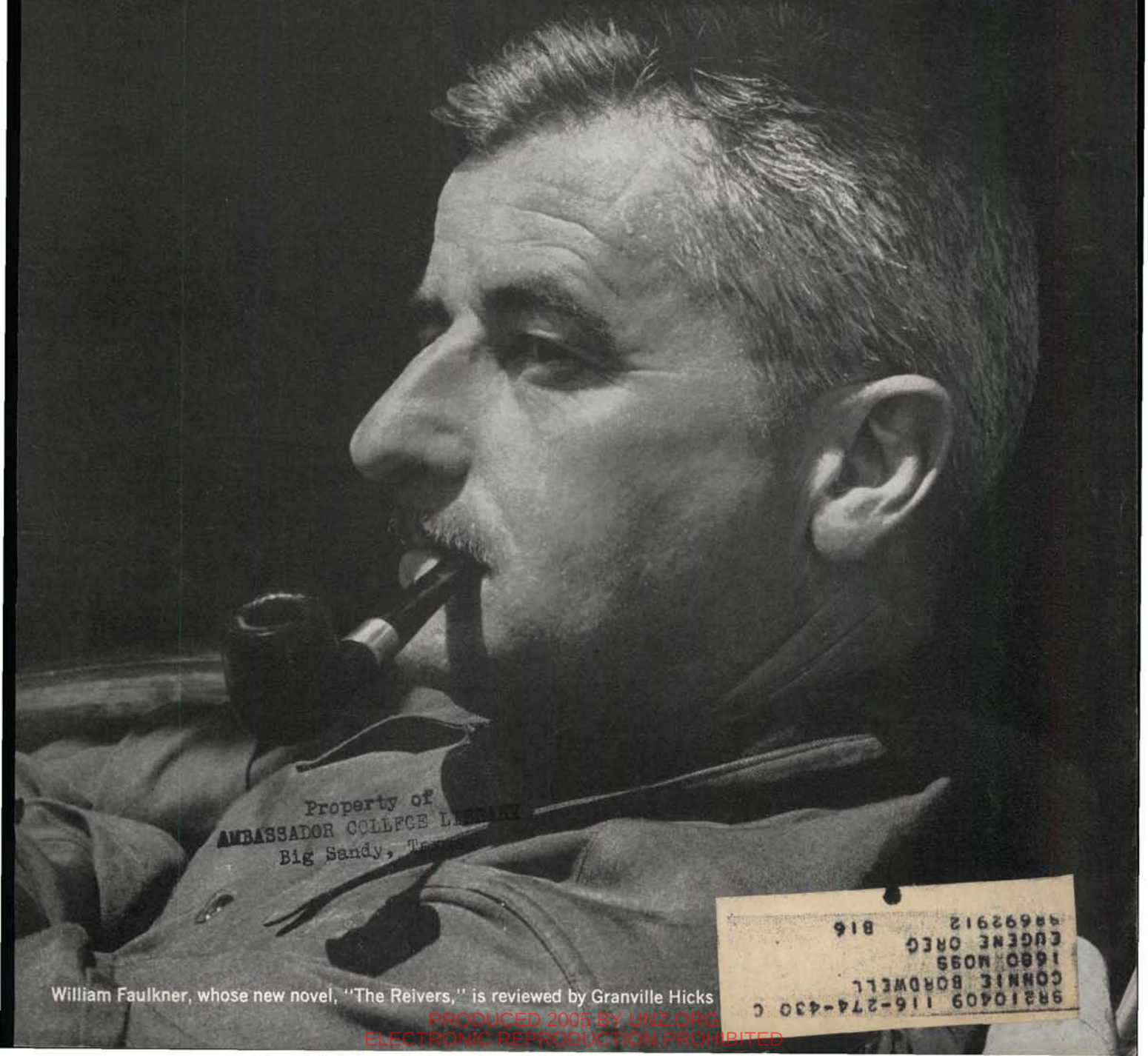
DOES ANYONE HAVE SQUATTER'S RIGHTS IN THE SKY? A SCIENCE REPORT

Saturday Review

JUNE 2, 1962 / 25¢



William Faulkner, whose new novel, "The Reivers," is reviewed by Granville Hicks

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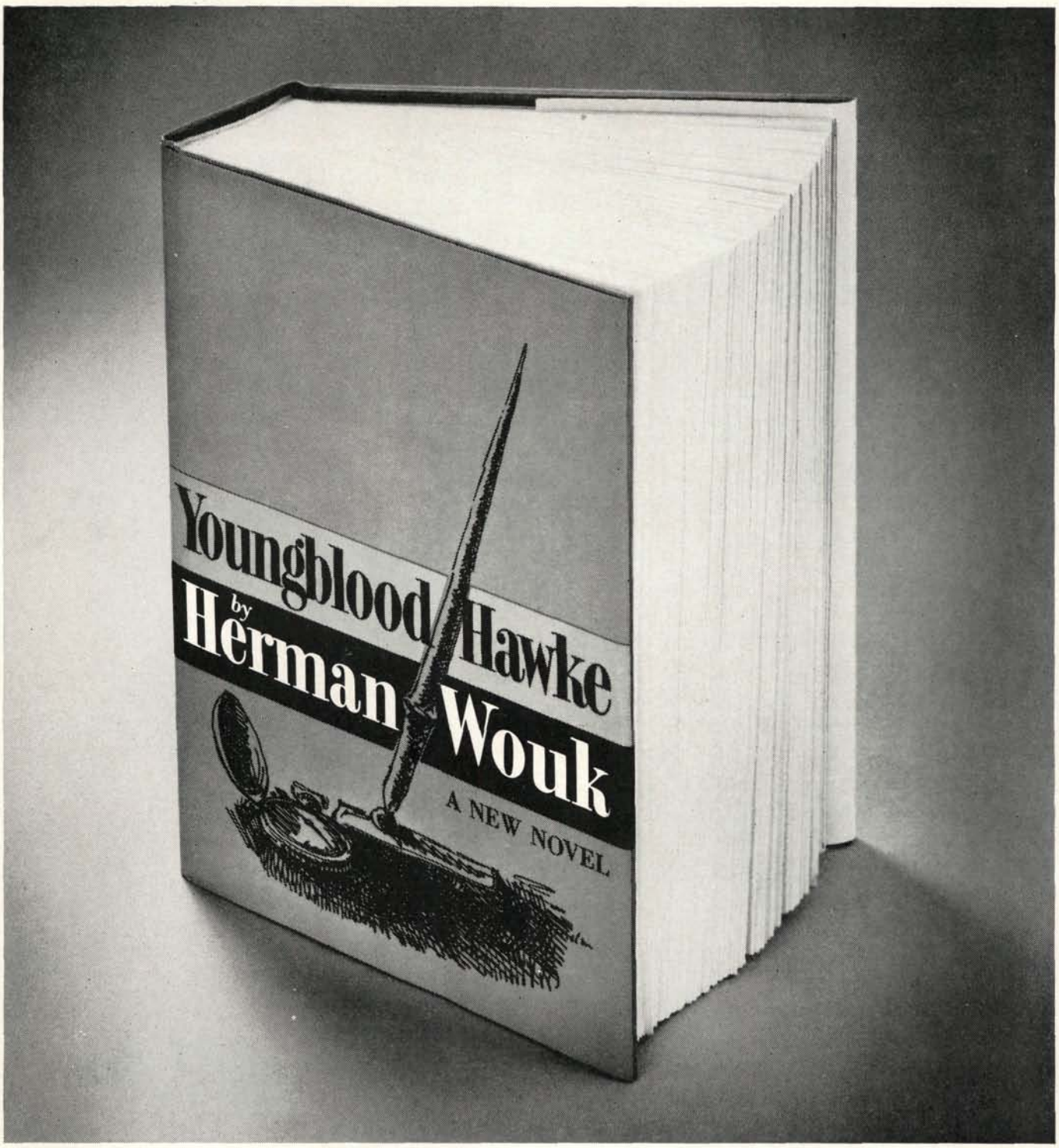

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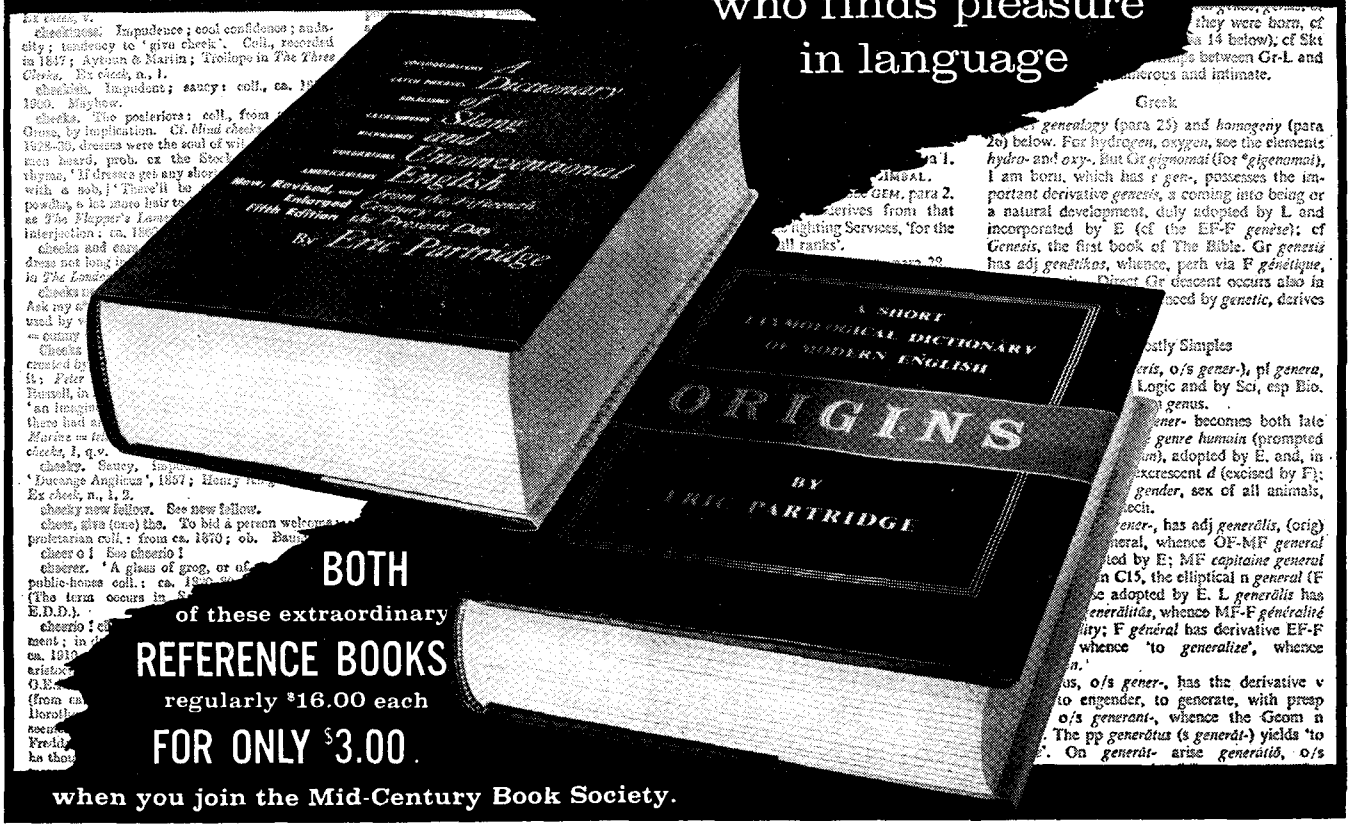
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"THE MAL DE MER-RIER"

One would think that the unhappiest woman in America would be a normally non-nautical suburban matron who finds herself bobbing about Manhattan Bay in the middle of the winter. The truth is (as is so often the case in these irregular reports) quite the opposite. For, in spite of her unglamorous greenness-about-the-gills, the gentlelady above is gratefully and gleefully on her way to glory.—Thanks to Berlitz, as if you didn't know.

A few days before last Christmas, there appeared at the Berlitz School in Manhasset, Long Island, a figure that could hardly be described as reflecting the joyousness of the season. "There are only 49 days until February 8th," said a small but cultured voice. Our local Director, influenced by the traditional Christmas countdown, desperately tried to remember whether February 8th held a special holiday significance for any national group. "What I mean is," continued the worried speaker, "can I possibly learn to speak passable French in seven weeks?" The Director breathed a sigh of relief. Since he knew of no French celebration on that date, there must be a personal reason for the lady's language deadline. And this was a situation he was accustomed to handling. "You *can* if you really want to," was the honest reply, "but can you tell me more of the circumstances that brought you to Berlitz?" "My husband just informed me that he has invited three houseguests to stay with us. They arrive on the 8th. They had something to do with building the S.S. France. They're coming over on her maiden voyage and," she added, "they only speak . . ." "French," concluded the Director with characteristic Berlitz comprehension. The scene above was sketched some 49 days later. Our heroine achieved such a fine French fluency that her impressed husband thought that it would be a charming idea to have her meet their guests before they landed. And that is why she is aboard a pilot boat heading out to sea.

This story which is as usual, true, has a pleasant and commercial sequel. The lady's culinary and conversational graciousness proved so successful that she and her spouse have been invited to repay the visit, at their guests' chateau near Paris. They're going this summer *AND* her husband has arranged to brush up his French at Berlitz, before they go.

This is another example of the value of speaking another language—a value that proves itself whether you're hosting houseguests, conducting business with a foreign firm, or simply "skoaling" through Scandinavia for pleasure. At Berlitz you begin to speak any language quickly and easily, and private instruction makes it possible to arrange a schedule that meets your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages.

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By CLEVELAND AMORY

THE MERRY month of May was the month of Liz and Laos, of Pulitzers and pickets, of Nobelmen in the White House and no waiters in the Waldorf, of no room at the Camelback Inn for Inez Robb and no end to the story of Billie Sol Estes. It was also the month when a lot of stockholders came unstuck, when the mere mention of the "Soaring Sixties" was a pretty sore subject, and finally when a fashion writer described any wig which could be bought for under $49.50 as a "fun" wig.

• • •

Before Richard Alder's Madison Square Garden Party, the President attended a dinner for 400 in the Four Seasons Restaurant—for which each member of the 400 paid $1,000 to the Democratic National Committee. The President himself refused to be seated at any one of the 100 tables. Instead, he preferred, in his own words, to "just roam around and shake hands with everybody." He declared, too, that he wished the dinner not to be black tie. "I think it's undemocratic," he said, "$1,000 or not, to have one batch of people go to the Garden in black tie, and everybody else in business suits." Today's member of the "400," in other words, is a man who pays $1,000 for his dinner and eats it in—of all things these days—a business suit.

• • •

Curiously enough, the failure party of the month was in Washington, where Gwen Cafritz attempted to honor the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. On the new front tier, apparently, the Windsors are well below the salt. "The affair," said *Time* Magazine, "was mostly populated by people like the Ambassador from Ireland."

• • •

Our favorite sign of the month was one we read in the New York subways. "College," the sign stated, "Is America's Best Friend—Support the College of Your Choice." Aside from the fact that we always thought a dog was our best friend, and that we usually thought supporting anything of our choice meant religion, the ad did not, in our opinion, go far enough. We've had a good bit of experience lecturing in colleges lately — many of them seem to have handsome endowments for this purpose—and we have reached some pretty firm conclusions on the subject.

The first, and the foremost, of these conclusions is that education nowadays is entirely too subjective. In other words, students are learning to criticize before they learn anything else. We are thinking of one question-and-answer period we attended in which we heard one student start out firmly. "The trouble with Emerson," he began. . . . We never did hear what the trouble was, but we have a feeling, whatever it was, it wasn't with Emerson. We were also nervous when one young girl wanted to know just one thing: "How," she asked, "do you become a critic?" One way, of course, is to write papers on authors, and in this regard, serving on a grand jury with Ogden Nash, we were taken aback when he showed us a letter from a student. "Dear Mr. Nash," the letter read, "I have been assigned a paper on you and your works. Please send me your works."

• • •

At the annual meeting of the Authors Guild, we liked best Glenway Westcott's comment. "We've got to learn to put a better foot forward in Washington," he said. "Either we're rich and silly or we're poor and unsuccessful, and neither way do we recommend ourselves very highly for serious attention." Despite this, there was encouraging news not only about the Keogh Bill (a personal pension plan for the self-employed), but also about the Celler Bill (a stopgap measure to keep expiring copyrights alive until 1967.) On the latter matter, Rex Stout, Irwin Karp, Mills Ten Eyck, and Peter Heggie have all fought the good fight for a sensible "lifetime-plus-fifty-years" copyright rather than the present "twenty-eight-plus-twenty-eight-renewal." Incredibly enough, if the bill does not go through, not only will a host of dead authors' works go into the public domain—including those by Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Jack London, and Edith Wharton, who is now being revived by Appleton-Century-Crofts—but also a number of early works by living authors—including Carl Sandburg, William Carlos Williams, P. G. Wodehouse, Upton Sinclair, Van Wyck Brooks, Kathleen Norris, and Edna Ferber. Curiously, since England already has a sensible "lifetime-plus-fifty" arrangement, several English authors, including Sir Winston Churchill, Somerset Maugham, and E. M. Forster, will still be protected in England but will go into the public domain in America. As for our Winston Churchill, his "Virginian" is already in the public domain here.

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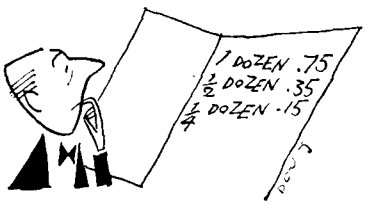
TRADE Winds

IN HIS HUMANITIES CLASS the other day, Professor Tom Burnam of Colorado State mentioned in one connection or other that one of the most famous, if light-hearted, arguments among artists was whether Michelangelo should have painted Adam with a navel.

There was a brief silence as the students thought this over. One coed didn't get it at first. When she did, she said, "But Michelangelo did the right thing. Adam wouldn't have wanted to look different from everybody else."



ACCORDING TO S. A. Broida of Chicago, Americans usually have only themselves to blame if they get gypped. He reported to *Changing Times* that he looked over the menu in a restaurant and saw that a dozen oysters cost 75 cents. A half-dozen oysters cost 35 cents. He told the waiter he wanted two half-dozen oysters.

The waiter said, "You mean one dozen, don't you?"

"No," said Broida, "I want two halves."

He ended up having a consultation with the manager, who was genuinely surprised to note the error on the menu. He said that, for months since the menu had been printed, satisfied customers had been ordering oysters by the dozen and paying 75 cents without complaint.

AN ELOQUENT AND STIRRING discussion of the law and how it is meant to protect us is "One Man's Freedom," a new book published by Atheneum and written by Edward Bennett Williams. He is the lawyer who has had among his clients Senator McCarthy, Dave Beck, Frank Costello, a Russian spy, and a Hollywood writer who claimed immunity before a House committee. He also defended a Congressman charged with income tax evasion, and he was the defense attorney in the censorship case of *Confidential* magazine. These are really only incidental to the theme of the book, which is, to put it simply—freedom.

In telling his story Williams makes some startling allegations:

(1) McCarthy, when he was being investigated by the Congress prior to his censure, was subjected to a "mail cover." This is a device by which the Post Office intercepts a citizen's personal mail and obtains the names and addresses of those writing to him. Then they are questioned about what they wrote in the letters. This, according to Williams, is an illegal procedure. It is not only a crime to open mail, but a crime to delay the mail. The worst part of the investigation was that the order for the mail cover was forged by an overzealous staff member of the committee.

(2) The wife of Machine-Gun Kelly, a gangster some of us may recall, spent twenty-five years in prison for her part in the kidnaping of millionaire Charles Urschel. It appears that the FBI had in its possession at the time of her trial information that would probably have allowed her to prove her innocence. This evidence, says Williams, was suppressed.

(3) The indictment of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., for cheating on his income tax was a direct result of a campaign against him by the *National Review*. There was no case against Powell and the trial was a farce. In fact, Powell had overpaid his tax!

(4) Six policemen, sitting in eight-hour shifts and working in teams of two, listened to and transcribed every conversation over the telephone of a certain American citizen, whether he was a participant in these conversations or not, for a period of many years. Also tapped were the public phones in restaurants frequented by this man. In other words, hundreds of innocent, law-abiding, and unsuspecting citizens had their intimate conversations recorded, just because the cops wanted to listen in on Frank Costello.

Naturally, a man like Williams believes thoroughly in the law. In 1960 he had a chance to prove how much it means to him. He accepted the defense of Igor Melekh, a Russian accused of spying in the United States. Apparently with the okay of the Russians, Williams proposed to the U.S. Attorney General that the case be tried in the World Court. The idea was turned down by our government in what Williams calls a "myopic and narrow-gauged" decision. It would have been the first time in history that the USSR had ever submitted to the jurisdiction of the World Court. He concludes: "To exalt in importance the conviction of a spy over the Soviet Union's submission to the World Court made no sense to me."

IN HIS COLUMN in the *Diners' Club* magazine, Eddie Cantor says, regarding one-man shows, "I can count on one hand those who have made it: Chevalier, Montand, Garland, Kaye, Belafonte, Borge, Harry Lauder. . . ."

Dorothy Q. Cohen speaks for all of us when she says, "I would like to see that hand!"

A FELLOW APPROACHED one of the largest tobacco companies the other day with a terrific idea. He outlined a pamphlet which would be printed and distributed to high school students, calling attention to bad aspects of the tobacco habit for youngsters.

It was explained to him that the cigarette manufacturers have never had anything to do with precollege ages, and that in any case they wouldn't be likely to sponsor a campaign to point out the harm of smoking. It wouldn't be very good business.

"But you don't understand," the man explained. "It would promote the sales of cigarettes. You see, we wouldn't say anything about the health issues. We would merely point out that *their parents are against smoking.*"

They threw him out.

IS THIS REALLY an old, true story that someone told me? It concerns Lucius Beebe, the famous connoisseur of wines. It seems he had an attack of acute appendicitis. As they were about to take him to the hospital, a friend leaped into the back of the ambulance and insisted on going along. When pressed for a reason, he explained, "I want to make sure they open him at room temperature."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's

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TWILIGHT OF HONOR

Here in the Texas Panhandle, one season snapped off, the next clicked on, and the spectacle was breathtaking, like the horticulture films where rosebuds unfurl themselves as if stretching and yawning and coming awake.

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Manner of Speaking

THE COURAGE OF HIS CONFUSIONS: It is easy enough to praise men for the courage of their convictions. I wish I could teach the sad young of this mealy generation the courage of their confusions.

Perhaps there was a world once in which conviction was a sufficient base for humane perception. I think I know a bit about that world. Both my parents came off an Italian mountain, from an ancient, ritualistic society whose pattern had been set and locked as far back as crones could mythologize or scholars guess. On those mountains things were as they had been and would be, and why ask questions?

The immigrant parents clung hard to their convictions here in America, in a world made to another pattern. But what the parents told their children described no world the children met outside the house. The enormous emotional dislocation of the children of immigrants—especially of the children of immigrant peasants—centers in the conflict so many children felt, of needing to respect their parents at the same time they knew their parents were talking intense nonsense when they tried to describe the rules of the world outside. Convinced ignorance describes no world.

But if the conflict between immigrant parants and their children is an extreme case, it is only the extreme of a conflict that may exist between all parents and all children. We labor to teach the young rules of conduct that amount to convictions, yet which of us is really sure of the convictions we peddle to our cubs?

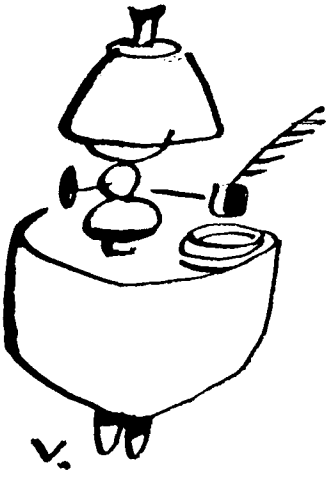
May it not be that we have made too much of conviction as an ultimate goal? Show me a man who is not confused and I will show you a man who has not been thinking. He will be a man who has not asked enough questions.

He will, in fact, incline to think that the reason for asking questions is to answer them. Is it? May it not be the greater merit of questions that they lead not to answers but to new questions, and the new questions to others, and they to others yet?

There will always be more questions than thoughtful men can answer, though the unreflective, to be sure, will always have their fast answers ready. The essence of intellect is in the engagement of proliferating confusion. And if that proliferation is the real subject matter of intellect, then it must follow that conviction can be achieved only by turning away from the inquiry; by refusing to face things in their visible complexity.

Conviction, I am arguing, is possible only in a world more primitive than ours can be perceived to be. A man can achieve a simple gnomic conviction only by ignoring the radical describers of his environment, or by hating them as convinced men have hated, say, Darwin and Freud as agents of some devil.

It is by the failures of the self-convinced that I find myself with little to say in final praise of the simple virtues. I have spent enough of my life among them. The American farm belt—at least in its dream-image—is the biblical desert of those uninquiring virtues. Honesty, hard work, forthrightness and downrightness, piety and patriotism (and add the distrust of strangers) are the rural virtues of which our editorialists have created the myth of the farm-to-market heaven.



But let it be said also of these good simple folk—and they are good only insofar as they are simple—that they have more answers to their lives than they have questions of them.

I, for one, do not know how to live without more questions than I shall ever have answers for. And to the extent that I can believe my questions have encompassed all the answers of those simple folk, and gone beyond them to questions those simple folk have not come upon—to that extent I am bound to believe I have outtraveled them, and that my life has been better experienced than theirs. How could I think it less than a human disaster to throw away my questions in order to come to rest in nothing more than their answers?

Yes, I am confused, but I will prefer the larger confusion to the smaller certainty. The true force of education is nothing if it does not drive a man into more and more meaningful confusions. What man of recent times has been better confused than, say, Einstein? His engagement of the confusing universe was his act of mind, positive and creative and of life. What sane man can let himself despair of his mind's life-force?

Let that be my plea to the young. The chances are they have already been taught more convictions than they will be able to live with unless they shut their minds. But let them be told at least once that the courage of one's convictions may in reality turn out to be the cowardice of one's mind, the retreat into easy and self-binding certainty. Where mind is the measure there must be the courage to face one's confusions whole.

FOR conviction may too readily be no more than the rejection of painful possibility. I once appeared on a Religious Week panel at a New Jersey College, speaking, by request, on "Images of Man in Literature." As one part of my talk I tried to describe the universe of such naturalistic writers as Zola, Hardy, and their followers. What, I asked, if the universe turns out to be vast and indifferent in just the way science seems to have described it to the naturalists? What if it is no more than a physical condition of basic indifference, but one that is essentially dangerous to creatures racially conditioned to a particular atmosphere and able to survive only within a relatively narrow range of temperature and pressure?

When I sat down one of my fellow panelists raised his distinguished head to the rafters, spread his arms dramatically, and cried with an impressive resonance, "Whence cometh my aid?" Whereupon he allowed for a dramatic silence and turned to me as if to say, "refute that if you can!"

How does one refute an emotion? Certainly every man has known the emotion of that question. But what do those words say if not, "I need to believe the Universe is watching me!" Perhaps we all need to believe that. But what if it isn't? Was not my colleague really crying, "The Universe owes me a meaning satisfactory to my emotions"? What the young might better consider is the formulation: "The Universe is worth being confused about." It takes courage to engage that confusion deeply. It is at least a ponderable proposition that the courage to engage it is a better, because a more humane, act of mind than is that order of conviction that can survive only by refusing to consider seriously those questions an inquiring mind must find unavoidable. —JOHN CIARDI.

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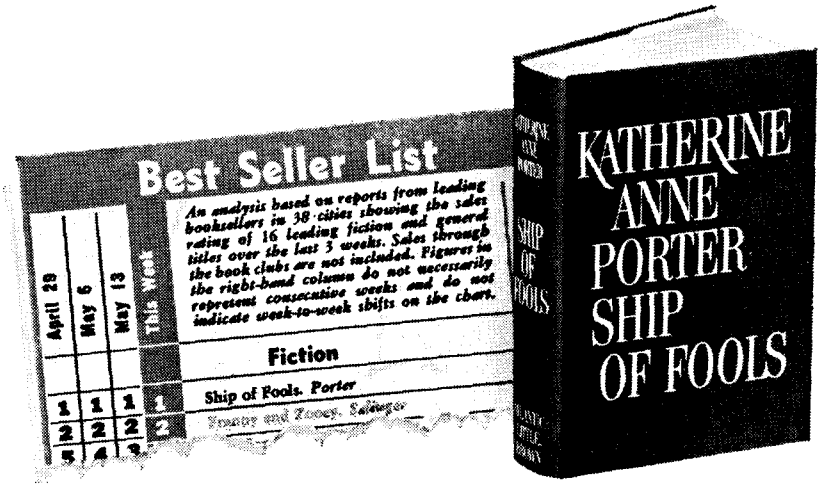
Best Seller List
An analysis based on reports from leading booksellers in 38 cities showing the sales rating of 16 leading fiction and general titles over the last 3 weeks. Sales through the book clubs are not included. Figures in the right-hand columns do not necessarily represent consecutive weeks and do not indicate week-to-week shifts on the chart.
April 29
May 6
May 13
This Week
Fiction
Ship of Fools. Porter
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER SHIP OF FOOLS

Why has "Ship of Fools" become the #1 BEST SELLER more quickly than any other novel in years?

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Saturday Review
JUNE 2, 1962

IS OUR AGE UNIQUE

By A. L. ROWSE, *British historian. Now an Oxford Fellow, he is noted especially for his works on the Elizabethan Period.*

IT IS becoming a commonplace—at least in Western thinking—to assume that our time in history is a unique one. How far we are justified perhaps only a historian can tell, and he must be careful to give a balanced answer.

There are certain features that are obviously unique, in particular the developments associated with nuclear power. These are only at their beginnings, but we can see already that they may have consequences for us not only different in degree from anything hitherto known, but perhaps different even in kind. It is to some extent reassuring to reflect, as Shakespeare's recruit did on going to the wars, that "a man can die but once"; we do not die a thousand or a million deaths but only our own. From a strictly philosophical point of view, we cannot add the pain or suffering or even the simple inconvenience of one person to the experience of another; each person's experience is separate and incommensurable.

On the other hand, nuclear power may have the capacity of destroying the world as we know it— or, at any rate, of laying waste whole areas of civilization, so that things starting up again would have to begin at a considerably lower level. Here, by the way, history offers a lesson that is not often grasped: namely, that civilization itself is a tough plant, liable to grow up like stinging nettles or rosebay willow herb on bombed sites anywhere. The exercise of bacteriological warfare, too, would probably be more like cutting large swathes in the population than eliminating it. And no doubt civilization would start up again, as after the plagues that decimated Europe every ten years or so in the later Middle Ages. Nevertheless, at least in the *scale* of destructive potentialities open to us, we have something new, if not unique.

On the positive side of our scientific achievements, we have something obviously unique—though here, also, we are only at the beginning—in the possibilities for transcending our own planet and voyaging into space.

Thus the scientific developments of our era offer its most clearly unique aspect, but at the same time the human developments all over the world go beyond what we used to understand by revolutionary changes. The word *revolution* is, in fact, quite inadequate to describe what is happening; it has lost much of its significance and most of its impact; probably we would do better to discard it.

We in the West were brought up to think of the American and French Revolutions as epoch-making events which had a profound influence in shaping the political world we knew. To these we must add the Russian Revolution of our own time; which, in comparison to the earlier two, has had a more disturbing influence upon the structure of society as such, has been more widespread in the area affected by it, and possibly (though this may be of secondary consequence) has had a wider influence in the realm of ideas.

But all three revolutions—deplored as they were by the conservative forces of the Old World—may well be less important than the sheer demographic facts and forces of our time. As a historian I cannot but feel that the emergence of a China of some 600 millions into the front rank of world powers is a matter of the deepest import, and is bound to become ever more so as time goes on. The Chinese have the inner conviction that, no matter what, they can outbreed and outlast us all. And the historian does not forget that it was Chinese civilization which provided the greatest example in human history of continuity and stability over so large an area. Indeed, the "Middle Kingdom" meant the center of the earth: everybody outside it was regarded as a barbarian—and most of us were.

There is an urgent intellectual necessity to come to terms with this factor, in our minds—quite apart from questions of recognition and political relations. These are more superficial; it is the inner understanding, the coming to terms on the cultural level, that is more subtle and difficult and more important.

Then, too, there is the whole complex of African problems, the turmoil and upheaval of a continent ready to boil over at any moment. What configuration are developments likely to take? What leadership are the Africans likely to follow? We all know the emotional and psychological appeal, apart from anything else, that Communism has for newly enfranchised peoples suffering from inflamed racial or national inferiority complexes. Indeed, we need look no further than Central or South America for the same phenomena, with their dangerous tendency—whether justified or not—to manifest themselves as a kind of persecution mania.

These are new factors—the emergence of China as a world power, the up-

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heaval in Africa—at least in their impact upon the West. And they are part of the whole modern movement bringing all areas of the world more closely together, for good or for ill, for closer integration or for heightened conflicts arising from too great and too uncomfortable a proximity. No one can doubt that these factors are both fundamental to our period and unique.

IF WE look back over history for some guidance as to the character of our epoch, most historians would agree that the later Renaissance, rather than the earlier, offers a fruitful parallel—the period just before and after 1600 when the Renaissance impulse, after being dominantly scholarly and artistic, became noticeably scientific and technical: the age of Bacon and Galileo, of William Harvey, Kepler, and Descartes.

We have evidence of a disturbance to men's minds similar to that of our own time in the work of so intellectually responsive a writer as the poet Donne. There are such famous lines as:

> And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
> The element of fire is quite put out . . .

Or, for the effect on the mind:

> The sun is lost, and the earth, and no man's wit
> Can well direct him where to look for it.
> And freely men confess that this world's spent,
> When in the planets and the firmament
> They seek so many new.

This is a direct reaction to the discovery that there are innumerably more stars in the universe than anyone had ever been able to observe until the time of Galileo's telescope. It is also a delayed reaction to the acceptance of the Copernican system.

The revelation of the "aweful vastness" of the universe, in Pascal's phrase, was profoundly disturbing. It is natural that we should be no less disturbed today by the revelation of its infinite complexity, its terrible potentialities, and—more strictly intellectually—by the difficulty of making sense of it, of making out what Whitehead calls "the final order of things." We stand before the new world uneasily, with mingled excitement and apprehension. It is like another lunge forward of the Renaissance impulse into the uncharted and unforeseeable.

Whitehead characterized that earlier period, in his "Science and the Modern World," in terms of a revolt against medieval authority—where the acceptance of intellectual authority is the essence of medievalism—of an effort to revise men's view of the nature of knowledge and to discover the ultimate grounds of truth. Along with such an effort went a respect for the concrete fact such as the Middle Ages rarely exemplified. Professor Wallace K. Ferguson, in his brilliant book "The Renaissance in Historical Thought," says that the Italian humanists "took an essential step in the direction of sound historical thought when they abandoned the medieval habit of seeking supernatural causes for historical events."

"Doesn't this remind you of Washington, D.C.?"

This new attitude, which has been described as a revival of naturalism, implied a fundamental confidence that there was a final order of things which might be described in terms of cause and effect and which was rationally explicable. When Newton came along, it was thought that this order had been made clear, and men relapsed upon a cushion of intellectual contentment. One sees this in the spiritual comfort and in the note of complacency in the eighteenth century. It is to be discerned all through the age's literature and art; and even in—or perhaps most obviously in—its architecture, which is all classical composure and decorum, at ease with itself.

There is nothing of that in today's architecture—and architecture is an art very revealing, externally, of the nature of a society. Ours is all unrest, confusion, ambitious exploration—the Age of Anxiety, indeed. And to achieve any comparable rational explication of the order of things is infinitely more difficult. We still await our Newton.

IT IS an accepted point that the medievals inhabited a God-centered universe, whereas the post-Renaissance age has been increasingly centered upon man. (From another point of view, what we are face to face with now is the Nature of Man.) But one wonders whether the center of interest may not now be moving outward again from man to technology, his creature; or beyond that to the phenomena of physics, the analysis of the elemental constitution of the universe. In any event man is in some danger, if not of displacement by the machines he has created, at least of depersonalization. But that is as much a product of mass civilization with its mass standards, as of technology.

Mass civilization is certainly a characteristic of our time. In fact, some elect persons inhabiting ivory towers think of the modern world as a return to the Dark Ages—with a spreading of barbarism, a lowering of standards, an erosion of quality, and of distinction and the outstanding; in exchange for equality, sameness, and the submergence of the individual in the cult of mere quantity.

This is the view of Eliot—as it was the view of Henry Adams—and many of the best contemporary English writers, such as the Sitwells, Betjeman, and Evelyn Waugh, who look to the admirable standards of a past dependent upon and stimulated by a hierarchical class order, with its subtleties and its richness and incentives. That has now broken down, and there is some lapse from the marvelous literary achievements of Victorian England or, *mutatis*

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mutandis, of nineteenth-century New England.

Nevertheless, it is not necessarily a relapse into barbarism, a return to another Dark Ages. However poor a view we take of popular education, it provides a basis for some kind of culture—except that the culture will be different, predominantly scientific and technological in tone.

In that, we shall be carrying forward the original impulses of Bacon and Galileo in the later Renaissance period. Perhaps most of all Bacon, with his emphasis on the utility of science and his immense intellectual optimism in believing that by way of inductive experiment more and more scientific knowledge would be opened to us. It would not be inappropriate to take that most worldly of men for a patron saint of our period in time.

Something of the impetus of the later phase of the Renaissance was lost in the religious wars that devastated northern Europe in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. It is a commonplace that Germany never recovered the ground lost in the Thirty Years War. One sees something of spiritual desolation no less than physical ravages reflected in a masterpiece like Grimmelshausen's "Simplicissimus." Even in England the hateful experience of the Civil War brought about a change of spirit.

As the fires of fanaticism based on mutually exclusive faiths burned down, men began to see the silliness of it all.

> When civil fury first grew high,
> And men fell out they knew not why

Such was the reflection after it was over. Men began to return to sense, and even to the investigation of the phenomena of the senses. With that the Royal Society was on its way, with its cool spirit of natural observation, weighing and charting and experimenting; its encouragement of a simple prose in place of high flights of fancy, indeed of what was really a "prose spirit," a scientific attitude towards life and the world.

As a historian my hope is that after the fires of ideological conflict, of political and economic dogmas, in our time have burned themselves out, or at least burned down, they may be succeeded by an age of prose and sense, of cool investigation and rational enjoyment. In short, we might have something of the spirit of the later seventeenth and early eighteenth century rather than of the earlier period, something of the age of Newton and Locke rather than that of Milton and Oliver Cromwell.

The beginning of such an age can already be seen in the amount of scientific cooperation that exists today. There is of course nothing new, let alone unique, in international cooperation in science, except the scale on which it is now practiced, a scale that could be enlarged even further if political conditions allowed. But my point is, rather, the historical one that the scientific mentality is a more peaceable and cooperative one in essence. It lives by exploring things and fitting them together, not—as ideologies do—by accentuating differences.

Meanwhile there is the enormous positive achievement of modern science on the human side—and no visible end to its growth—in meeting the material needs of the world, in terms of food, resources, and health and treatment. It is indeed a tragic absurdity—which played its part in exacerbating social and political conflict, too—that as recently as the 1930s men were throwing away and destroying the superfluity of some areas of the world while other areas were in want. The 1950s notably reversed this situation, and we have found a direction in which politics and science can go hand in hand doing good work for the human race as one.

I see one future limitation upon this good work, and again science offers the only alleviation. A marked feature of our time, though again not a unique one, is the immense growth of world population. Sir Charles Darwin, in a somewhat gloomy Malthusian book, "The Next Million Years," called attention to the ultimate danger of an unrestricted increase in world population outrunning the growth of food resources. The basis of his argument was the assumption that man could not control human reproduction.

Science is already giving the lie to this assumption; for although there certainly is a grave latent danger if man does not control the increase, such control is now within the power of particular societies. But for world control, cooperation among societies is indispensable.

Everything, then, enforces the conclusion that, given all the various circumstances of our time, cooperation is now essential to survival. And that *is* something unique in history.

Modern British Fiction

By Paris Leary

OUR House stood in a green park
and there was a small kitchen-garden
Evenings were summer and long suns
Gooseberries, flannels, the old Riley
We entertained the rectory children
on the inadequate tennis-lawn
I was alone much of the time
observant in galoshes or plimsolls
and was taken in to mother and father
at the correct times And I was blooded
at three My mother's hands
were slim among her golf-trophies
but Nanny cried when I went to school
The Terror and the tuck-boxes from Fortnum's
usual sexual ambivalence
Bathes and the cottage down in Cornwall
with sunsets lengthening to the sea
and the picnics when it always rained
and someone forgot the salt
I was a solitary child
and even at University
I kept to myself and read Marx
circumspectly and Marcel Proust
Her hair was moist in the daffodils
and I could not bring it off
And cycled in Germany and Austria
I have said it all in my novel
Jennifer laughed at my tin hat
but I extinguished a fire-bomb with sand
The British Council and Japan
My wife and I have taken a flat
in an uncorrupted corner of Chelsea
I lecture next year in Iowa

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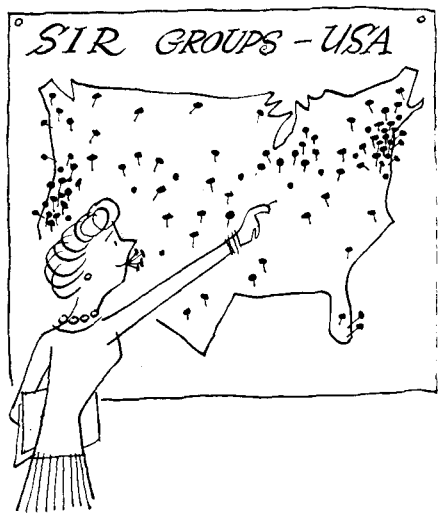
SIR: A Study in Citizen Initiative

The First Six Months

By MARY KERSEY HARVEY

SIX MONTHS ago the suggestion was made in these pages (*SR*, December 2, 1961) that citizens form local "Societies for Individual Responsibility" and, without guidance from a national apparatus, proceed to decide (1) what to study, (2) how to study it, and (3) how to go about translating what they had learned into responsible and meaningful action on as many levels as they had access to. It was suggested that if SIR participants did nothing except to concentrate on ideas and issues that required *support*, avoiding opprobrium and ultimatum, they could exercise a prodigious effect in the field of national policy.



Today, more than 1,000 individuals are now participants in SIR groups throughout the country. The growth rate is running about 20 per cent a month. On one day alone letters arrived from thirty-five potential SIR members in the New Orleans area. Participants include factory workers, bankers, housewives, plant foremen, college deans, accountants, clergymen, advertising agency principals, attorneys, students, department store executives, and a Nobel laureate. They live in small, medium-sized, and large towns in every state except North and South Dakota. (California leads, with New York a close second.)

What do SIR groups do? How do they function? No two are quite alike. As the problems and resources of the communities in which they exist vary, so do they. A report from Boston states that "the goal of Boston SIR is to give direction and purpose to individuals who feel the responsibility to educate themselves properly regarding national and international affairs, and who seek a constructive method of influencing these events through direct recommendations to policy makers and the public. It shall be SIR's purpose to confine itself, whenever possible, to *positive* approaches of constructive support. In no case will action take the form of public exhibition and demonstrations.

"Each member will study the topic of his choice. . . . In order to allow the entire group to become and remain informed about all topics under study, each task force will present at each group meeting a brief report on its progress. When feasible, a short written résumé will be made available. . . . When task forces are ready to submit a finished report to the group, left- and right-wing opinioned persons may be invited to the meeting in order to balance the predominately liberal attitude of Boston SIR participants. . . . Should members possess or know of source material on any topics currently under study, these members should contact the appropriate task force directly. . . . Generally members will voice opinions as individuals with no reference to SIR."

In a medium-sized community, Tuckahoe, New York, the "2-4-8 SIR Group" meets every Wednesday night, the objective: "to stimulate thought, education, and action in any and all areas of citizen responsibility in a democracy." Action by the *group* in Tuckahoe will be "held to a minimum by agreement." The group acts only to bring people together so that participants can learn from one another, and share ideas and materials. No attempt is made to arrive at a consensus or to take positions "as a group." The meeting procedure is as follows:

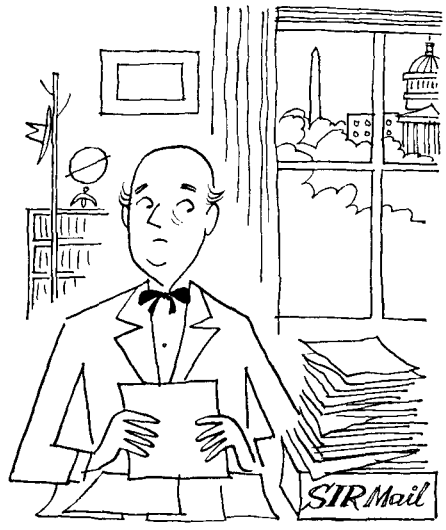
(1) Presentation by members of responses to letters written to public officials, newspapers, and opinion leaders.

(2) Presentation by members of proposals for individual action, e.g., "I am writing to my Senator to say. . . . These are my reasons, and I urge those of you who agree to write likewise."

(3) Distribution and exchange of material received from varied sources on topics chosen by the group: nuclear testing, economic policy, fallout shelters, civil rights, the United Nations. (On a rotating basis, individual participants agreed to maintain portfolios of clippings and similar material on these subjects and to present them at meetings.)

In Cleveland, the *Plain Dealer* (April 1, 1962) reported extensively on the SIR groups there: "The thing that makes the Society for Individual Responsibility unique is its deliberately formless organization. It has no dues, no officers, no clubrooms, no official spokesmen. But it does have a purpose and that is to create knowledge of the important issues of the day through small discussion groups. Then the participants are expected to make up their own minds and take whatever action they think is appropriate. Lots of Congressmen will be hearing from SIR members. . . .

"There are now six SIR groups in the Greater Cleveland area, the parent being in Euclid. Requirements for participation are an open mind and a desire to be a more effective citizen. In an organization noted for its paucity of rules, one stands out in importance: political affiliations must be revealed. If a member is a John Bircher or a Communist, holder of a political job, or on any political action committee, he



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must reveal it so that his contribution to the discussion can be considered in light of this. Keeping the groups small —no less than ten or more than sixteen —is also important."

In Beverly Hills, California, the SIR group has its own letterhead and office space on Wilshire Boulevard. Its first bulletin to participants (distributed to 500 persons) opened with this line from Baudelaire: "There can be no progress . . . except in the individual and by the individual himself."

A CURSORY and by no means representative sampling of activity in other areas: A Lorain, Ohio, group persuaded local industries to subsidize a full page newspaper message supporting the United Nations. A SIR participant in New Hampshire convinced a columnist for the Keene *Sentinel and Valley News* to run a three column article in favor of the U.N. bond issue. An Upstate New York rabbi delivered a sermon and a talk before his local Kiwanis Club on SIR.

In Huntsville, Alabama, headquarters of the Redstone Arsenal, SIR has its own post office box and holds regular meetings. A California group meets in the home of its initiator, a woman confined in an iron lung.

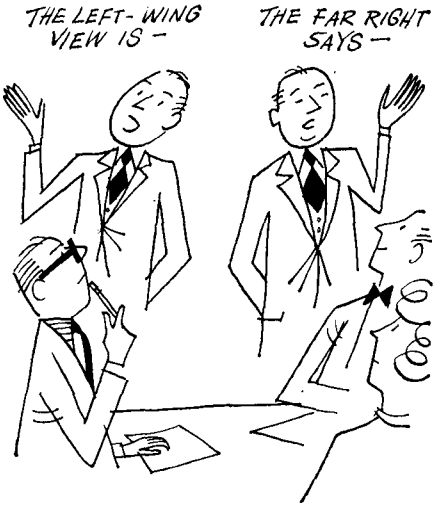
In the small city of Leesburg, Florida, the SIR unit meets in its members' homes over coffee to "explore matters of concern as deeply as available information and our own human prejudice permits. There is only one office: that of moderator. Our bylaws are simple: hunt down and isolate the maxim and the cliché; allow nobody the luxury of an unsupported generality; let there be free debate without threat or smear."

A SIR group in Hominy, Oklahoma, writes: "We are putting the U.N. ad in our local paper this Thursday." The district plant superintendent of the Bell Telephone Company in a large Eastern city wrote: "In my job I must motivate and lead approximately 245 people to do their required chores. However, I feel that I am in a position to try to influence their social conscience as well. Therefore I would like to reprint and distribute the editorial about SIR." He later wrote that "the playback has been excellent."

A California group reports: "Our SIR group is going strong with twenty-five members (more to come) and study topics assigned through June. Our purpose is entirely educational in the hope of combatting the educational efforts of the extremists in our community. Our first study topic was the American Civil Liberties Union; this group has been the victim of a smear campaign; for our own information we wanted the issues clear. The presentation was taped and will be available to interested persons.

"In the offing are studies of the House Un-American Activities Committee, UNICEF, UNESCO, and the Common Market. We have four members on each research team, and the group demands reference sources which certainly ought to keep the teams honest!" Another California group reports that their study topics include problems of world law, foreign affairs, conservation, and the population explosion, both in this country and abroad.

One SIR group has these ground rules: "No speakers. Ideas to be developed on our own. Meet regularly once a month. No 'group' action, unless a conclusion is unanimous. The accent is on self-education and individuals following whatever course they may deem advisable after appropriate study and analysis."



SIR is unique in one final but important area: finances. Since members take full responsibility for implementing their own tasks, no one needs to be paid to do so. The crushing burden of fund raising which drains the vigor and resources of many American volunteer organizations does not seem likely to fall on the shoulders of the do-it-yourselfers in SIR—strong as these shoulders may be.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DICHOTOMIES

Opposites attract, as the saying goes. In proof thereof, Robb McKenzie of Newark, New Jersey, offers a group of book titles and the scrambled names of their authors. He asks you to assign the correct titles to the correct authors. Answers on page 34.

1. "Actions and Reactions"	Robert Frost
2. "The Cold Wind and the Warm"	C. P. Snow
3. "Culture and Anarchy"	H. G. Wells
4. "Fire and Ice"	Henry Arthur Jones
5. "First and Last Things"	Rudyard Kipling
6. "Left Hand! Right Hand!"	Virginia Woolf
7. "The Light and the Dark"	S. N. Behrman
8. "Night and Day"	Osbert Sitwell
9. "North and South"	Henry George
10. "The Present and the Past"	Matthew Arnold
11. "The Prince and the Pauper"	Ralph Waldo Emerson
12. "Progress and Poverty"	Ivy Compton-Burnett
13. "Saints and Sinners"	Mark Twain
14. "Society and Solitude"	Mrs. Gaskell

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The Power Pyramid

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by the president of Springfield College, Springfield, Massachusetts.*

POWER is paradoxical. It is essential to survival, yet a threat to perfection. It is a clue to certain forms of cultural success, and to the failure of others. It makes a responsible democracy possible, and a representative democracy necessary. It is a means, not an end, for the distinctively human life, but is easily made into an end in itself. Power preserves life at a price—the constant temptation to turn it upside down, and destroy the end it is a means to protect.

This is why free men and societies have feared the concentration of power and sought to distribute and share it widely and responsibly; why they have designed checks, balances, and successive transfer of power. In the interest of *security* such precautions are slow, sloppy, and inefficient; yet in the interest of *perfecting persons* in freedom, they are essential. It is this pull between the desire to preserve our security and at the same time to perfect our freedom that lies at the root of the stresses of our time—between left and right in politics, in social philosophy, and in educational strategy. It is this same tension which prompted Hitler in "Mein Kampf" to put his finger on a painful point in saying that the weakness of any democracy is its temptation to imitate fascist methods in fighting fascism.

Anyone visiting Washington these days must be struck with this paradox in the pyramiding of power to preserve, if not perfect, our freedom. We have been accustomed to it in times of crisis, and for military and political reasons. This we can understand, and in part accept. What distresses some of us, however, is how this subtle pyramiding of power has crept into education, which, through diffusion of knowledge and development of diverse abilities, has traditionally been the chief bulwark against concentrated power. Indeed, the classic conviction of education in a democracy is that no region, institution, or person has a corner on ability or the truth; nor does any professor or panel of experts deserve to be the custodian or conscience of a culture. To be sure, there has been a virile, aristocratic counterpoint to this theme, but it has never threatened to consume the score.

Yet, today, in the name of National Defense, international security, and missile races to the moon, we are fast diluting this important function of education. Many of us associated with the widely scattered small colleges of America have been troubled by the growing pattern of government and foundation interest and support. At a recent conference in Washington it was disclosed that roughly 75 per cent of all government contracts involving research programs go to twenty-five institutions of higher learning out of over 2,000 in this country. Moreover, fewer than 100 institutions account for nearly 95 per cent of the total funds. Ironically, private foundations are caught up in a similar pattern. One might think this reflects the fact that academic excellence, capability, and expertise are very finely selected and concentrated, but this is a case that remains to be made convincingly. It certainly runs counter to every basic democratic presupposition.

Certainly, too, these deepening grooves, once channelled out, constitute a crucial, if not vicious circle. And here lies the peril. Like a closed club whose membership succeeds itself on selection, review, and decision making, this pattern of power repeats itself.

Even if such pyramiding of power were required for survival, which is debatable, it raises the knotty question of Pyrrhic victory. For what does it tell us of the real dynamics of democracy and the capability of the average man? Must he be further brainwashed into thinking that unless he makes the team of the prestige school and participates in projects of national priority and support, he is somehow "unworthy" of the "the club," or a failure as a democratic leader? Is this not more than a step away from that surrender of personal responsibility which is at the root of all permissive perversion of power? Does it not tempt us into thinking that only Washington, Harvard, or the Ford Foundation knows what is good enough to be supported or worthy of our most serious effort?

It may be true that to "him that hath, shall much be given," but it is time we asked how he got what he has, and whether it is too narrowly possessed and deserved. Indeed, we need to ask whether such possession is possible at all apart from that wider reservoir of consent and competence without which our form of democracy is unthinkable!

As we increase our funds to speed up the voice of America abroad, let us not be deceived at home into thinking that only those who have mastered the Carnegie course have a right to speak, or indeed, that unless they have been screened by a panel of experts and chosen as spokesmen, they ought to be heard.

—GLENN A. OLDS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THOREAU PRO AND CON

THANK YOU for your article on Henry David Thoreau [*SR*, May 5]. In this day when too many Americans measure the success of democracy in terms of the Gross National Product—$521 billion today compared to $347 billion ten years ago—when students too often choose their fields of study with more concern for fame or for wealth than for knowledge, and when many professors write with more regard for achieving lengthy bibliographies than for what their articles say, it is reassuring that Henry David Thoreau is to be in the Hall of Fame. The reassurance stems not only from being reminded that Americans still hold—whatever we may practice—his ideals, but also in recognizing again that even in his time Thoreau was unique. We may not have gained, but at least all is not lost.

MARGARET EDITH TRUSSELL.
North Bend, Ore.

I WAS pleased to see your article on Henry David Thoreau. Here was a man who did not look for fame, material success, or any of the other elements of what we generally consider the successful life. He was interested only in living according to his consciousness of what ought to be. This he did superbly. If his actions earned him the contempt of his fellows, or even a stay in jail, it mattered not at all. He stands as an example for all of us.

JAMES LASER.
Sacramento, Calif.

I HAVE never been able to appreciate the canonization of Henry David Thoreau. There are many of us who read "Two Little Savages" and the books of Dan Beard when we were kids. We would like to do as Thoreau did, and we could, too, *if* we had no families to support and if we had friends to lean on. I daresay that some of us could observe and report on nature in microcosm as prettily as Thoreau did.

Thoreau evaded his responsibilities as a social man, and his romantic explanations of his evasions do not justify them.

GEORGE MARSH.
Hingham, Mass.

CREATIVE RETIREMENT

SOCIETY'S increasing concern for retired persons is reflected in programs for medical care, special housing, social security benefits, and tax concessions. Yet, well-meaning Congressmen and social scientists, intent on the Senior Citizen's comfort and security, seem to have overlooked his real need: to survive as an individual and make a useful contribution to his community and fellow men.

To focus attention on this problem, a group in upper Fairfield County, Connecticut, has just launched a Society for Useful Retirement. In general we hope to promote more intelligent, constructive use of leisure time. Especially we seek to open new careers and present new challenges and aims for mature men and women released from business and professional life. Many of the 3,000 persons joining the retired ranks every twenty-four hours possess experience, skills, judgment, and ideas. Why not bring them together and enlist their energies for public and community service?

Looking ahead and raising our sights, the Society plans to form a Retirement University, where men and women of mature years can devote themselves to study, research, creative writing, cultural pursuits, and social service. Similarly, we expect to organize a Retirement Home Colony where, with a good library and inspiring leadership, Senior Citizens can live usefully with "a sense of belonging to something bigger than themselves—the only protection against the isolation, the anonymity, the rootlessness of modern life." We want comments, ideas, members.

EMMET CROZIER.
Bethel, Conn.

RAILS, RAND, AND SERVICE

THE "Crisis Behind the Transportation Mergers" by Edward T. Chase [*SR*, Apr. 14] is a sensible, factual approach to a serious problem.

I am disgusted, however, at the letter you printed by C. E. Childe, Former Member, Federal Transportation Board of Investigation and Research, who states the only solution is legislation prohibiting rate cutting. Propping up a sick industry with prices set by law is the worst step and will wreck, not solve. It could only be suggested by someone who thinks that our government can defy basic economic laws.

Mr. Childe should read "Atlas Shrugged" by Ayn Rand to determine what eventually happens to railroads that depend on price cutting laws. He also needs a few years experience in a tough competitive private business to find out what makes for business survival.

Your magazine would be in as bad shape as the railroads if you thought, as does Mr. Childe, that your only chance for survival depended upon laws regulating magazine prices.

R. D. MCGILVRA,
President,
Product Engineering Company.
Portland, Ore.

I HAVE been reading again the article on the "Crisis Behind the Transportation Mergers." Mr. Chase has pointed out a number of things that are wrong and has indicated certain measures, notably mergers and reforms in government regulation, that have been suggested as remedies. I do not find that he has touched, at all, on one of the primary reasons for the mess that the transportation industry is in, nor an obvious remedy that many users of transportation have thought of only too frequently.

First, I refer to the almost universal approach of the transportation companies to their problem: the demand for higher fares for less satisfactory service. I have been using the Washington-New York passenger service of the Pennsylvania Railroad for well over twenty years, and have watched fare increase after fare increase, along with a steadily deteriorating service—dirty, noisy, uncomfortable coaches, no apparent attempt to keep to published schedules, even rain water running down the aisles of the coaches. With the present service it is only logical that anyone who can avoid riding

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the trains by driving his car instead will do so.

The Washington and suburban bus lines, likewise, demand periodic fare increases without even a pretense of any improvement in service. We are asked continually to pay more for less; and the companies are granted monopolies, rather than being forced to compete.

The airlines, as well, have been getting fare increases and offering less and less for them. Stop-over privileges have been eliminated. Nonstop flights have been reduced. Schedules are so arranged that to use coach service is as inconvenient as they can make it be. Schedules are ignored, often for reasons far more flimsy than that of trouble with equipment.

The whole philosophy of the transportation industry seems to be to give as little as possible and to charge all the traffic will bear. Often it seems that the companies prefer to set their fares so that they will have to haul less passengers for the same amount of profit. This might be regarded as good management, if we did not have the evidence, in all the talk of crises, that it does not work. Instead of squawking, the public more and more resorts to driving its own cars, in spite of the traffic jams.

F. R. Fosberg.

Falls Church, Va.

PHILISTINISM?

I find James Gray's review of the Cabell correspondence, "Between Friends," appropriately entitled: "Flashbacks to the Philistines" [*SR*, May 5]. He even opens his portentous remarks with the statement that his estimation of these letters will be based on exacting standards. From there on his absence of any perceptive wit leads him to arrive at some remarkably gloomy and obtuse pronouncements.

As one who sometimes witnessed the putting together of this collection of letters, I can assure Mr. Gray these letters were not "reverently lifted from a file where they have lain for forty years. . . ." They came to light from time to time and from various niches, Cabell having casually tucked some in books, pasted others in his son's scrapbook, and tossed many in table drawers.

Mr. Gray lifts his eyebrows high over the fact that, after the suppression of "Jurgen," Cabell wrote "he could find nothing *really wrong* in it." Cabell was of course writing *wrong* in a legal sense. After all, did our reviewer want him to write that it had "bold meanings" and *should* be suppressed?

And can Mr. Gray seriously believe that Cabell considered Burton Rascoe "his mentor"? It is obvious that none of the other correspondents thought for a minute that this was the case; indeed, the contrary was true. Our reviewer throws up his hands in pious horror with "and what are we to make of a major man of letters who stands before his mentor . . . and asks what sort of book he should write after 'Jurgen?'" Almost every author has commented on his empty feeling after parturition. Nor does Mr. Gray add that critical opinion now adduces that Cabell's best work came after "Jurgen."

In fact, one gathers from Mr. Gray's "exacting standards" and distaste for "caviar" that he rather holds himself above Lewis, Fitzgerald, and Cabell. True, they had literary as well as human faults, but if they are not his dish, then compared with the opinions of many other reviewers of these letters, notably Edward Wagenknecht and DeLancey Ferguson, Mr. Gray's superior sensibilities isolate him from the appreciation of an era in American letters that was vastly stimulating to others and one which demands that its primary sources be published. James Gray's "flashbacks" appear rather less a review of a book than the airings of one who seizes his brief moment to exalt his own opinions over those he purports to review, the tactics, in short, of a philistine.

Edgar E. MacDonald,
Professor of English,
Randolph-Macon College.

Ashland, Va.

"I paint what I like."

BIBLES FOR RUSSIA

A Soviet clergyman, frustrated by the appalling shortage of Bibles in the USSR, challenged me. "Why don't the visitors who come to our country each bring in and leave a Russian Bible?"

I couldn't get away from this challenge. From it evolved the offer of a free Russian Bible to each American tourist who visits the USSR. Among those tourists contacted last year, some were eager but hesitant, wondering if they might become adversely involved. To answer their queries, I learned from an Intourist official that tourists may, without difficulty, bring in one copy of the Russian Bible. Occasionally, he added, a zealous customs official might prove to be difficult. As it turned out, I learned of only two people who were unsuccessful, whereas many found the successful experience meaningful and satisfying. Among the participants were businessmen, housewives, ministers, scientists, doctors, teachers, and students.

If any of your readers plan to visit the USSR this summer, each may receive one free Russian Bible by writing to: Box 3456, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

(Rev.) Steve Durasoff.

New York, N. Y.

MILK AND IODINE

We represent one of the many groups of mothers all over the world who are concerned about the food they feed their families during nuclear testing. These mothers realize that, regardless of political arguments, there is contamination of food, and that the younger the child, the greater is his vulnerability to it.

Since milk constitutes the major part of the diet of young children, we are particularly concerned about the amount of Iodine 131 which will be found in the fresh dairy products. Iodine 131 decays to at least one-half its initial radioactivity after a period of eight days. Fresh dairy supplies that are produced immediately after testing are the most contaminated. Radioactive iodine collects in the thyroid gland and may cause thyroid cancer.

As both a protest against nuclear testing and as a preventative measure, we are therefore refraining from using fresh milk for at least eight days following any explosion producing nuclear fallout. Our children will receive their normal amounts of milk in canned or powdered form and will therefore not be deprived of their necessary nutrition.

Any inquiries should be directed to Women for Peace, P.O. Box 944, Berkeley, California.

Erika Muhlenberg,
Chairman, Radiation Committee.

Berkeley, Calif.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Michel Block, Callas-Carmen, Philharmonic Farewell

JUSTICE was triumphant, or at the least, persistence was rewarded, with the decision of this year's panel of judges to give the Leventritt Award to Michel Block. Thus, the minority report of one (filed here on October 29, 1960, when the judges on that occasion decided that no finalist, including Block, was worthy of the honor) became this year's majority vote of the eleven participating in the final judging. (Last year's contest was omitted.)

Inasmuch as this year's contest was conducted behind the closed doors of the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium in the Metropolitan Museum of Art (the public was uninvited, to minimize complaint were there no winner), judgment of Block has to be carried over from that expressed a year and a half ago. It was noted then that he produced "a piano sound of surprising substance for one of his slight build" (young Block, of Belgian parentage but Mexican birth and mostly American training, is but a neat five feet); and that it was "beautifully inflected" for the purposes of the Brahms B flat Concerto, which at the time he played under the direction of Milton Katims. As the benefits of the Leventritt Award include performances with several of the country's symphony orchestras, Block's abilities should be better and more widely known a year hence.

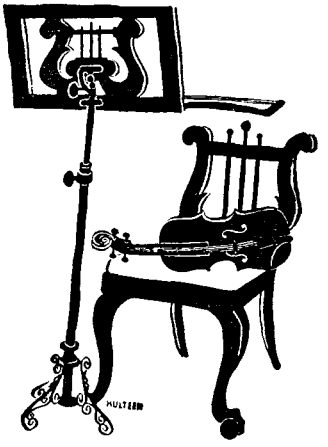
Political need served the ends of artistic profit with the reappearance of Maria Callas at the Madison Square Garden "Birthday Salute to President Kennedy" after an interlude of nonperformance in New York dating to "Il Pirata" in early 1959. Her choice of repertory took consideration of many things: among them, limited time in such a variety show, lack of an orchestra to fill her requirements, and a mere desire to please. That it settled on the two "Carmen" arias suggested that, among the considerations, vocal disposition was not the least.

The circumstances being what they were—amplification on a scale to distribute some sound where all of the 16,000 people were dispersed—it would be idle to contend that much was added to the vocal impression of how Miss Callas would fare as Carmen derived from her recent recordings of similar matter. There is little doubt, with the visual image now added to the vocal, that she could be any kind of Carmen she chose to be—hell-cat, spitfire, seductress, or just plain mean. I would suggest, rather than getting her teeth into the part, that she get her nails into it—soon. The evening was otherwise devoid of matter for musical mention, unless the spectacle of Marilyn Monroe singing "Happy Birthday to You" qualifies. Her future, plainly, is in other directions.

By a curious coincidence the same perdurable tune (which, contrary to all public conclusion, actually has a composer: Mildred J. Hill, words by Patty Smith Hill) also served a ceremonial purpose at the final concert of the New York Philharmonic's last season in Carnegie Hall. It was embodied in the "Greeting Prelude" crafted by Igor Stravinsky in 1955 for the then eightieth birthday of Pierre Monteux, played back at Stravinsky under the direction of Leonard Bernstein to honor the composer's arrival at the same milestone. If the present trend indicates a tradition, the "Greeting Prelude" should be reserved for performance on the occasion of eminent musicians becoming octogenarians, for it combines gaiety with a wryly witty way of dissecting the tune and putting it together again as a kind of "Birthday Happy, You to." Certainly so far as tribute is concerned, Mildred J. Hill never had it so good. There was also a retrospective glance at the earliest Stravinsky periodically performed, the "Feu d'artifice" with which he gave testimony to the learning acquired from Rimsky-Korsakov. Then, as the substantial matter of this part of the program, there was the "Capriccio" for piano and orchestra he wrote in the late Twenties for self-performance. To my taste, in the context of the time in which it was written, this is neo-Stravinsky rather than the real thing, full of ideas and ingenuities used to better advantage in other works. It was performed with dash and clarity by Seymour Lipkin as soloist.

The sequence as a whole found the Philharmonic lingering a fortnight beyond the scheduled close of its season, not out of sentiment, really, but to replace a week's concerts lost at the beginning of the year when management and musicians were in disagreement about terms of employment. It provided for the introduction to New York of Walter Piston's second violin concerto, performed by Joseph Fuchs by whom it was commissioned under a Ford Foundation grant. Pittsburgh heard the first performance anywhere in the fall of 1960, under the direction of William Steinberg.

To the workmanship for which he is far and favorably known, Piston has imparted an afflatus of sentiment, a surge of melody which should make this work the means of broadening considerably the public which presently esteems him. Rather than being an afterthought, melody is a prevailing postulate of the work, rising up from the meditative phrase with which it opens to a rhapsody of considerable intensity before the first movement is rounded out. The second (slow) movement is sustained on a flow of well-spun phrases, a flow which finds fresh breath to renew itself when the initial impulse runs down. In the aftermath of a first hearing, the finale sounded a less than satisfying solution to the problem of unity posed by a three-movement sequence. It is a jolly enough rondo, but a little pawky as resolution of the sentiments previously conveyed. But, another time, it may sound otherwise.



As a consequence of Piston's enormous sense of the orchestrally advantageous, the solo violin has a clear channel to the ear from almost any register in which it is playing, thanks to the composer's masterly way of inlaying it, like wire on wood, rather than blurring it by superimposed voices. One couldn't help recalling, as Fuchs powered his way lovingly across the course, full of obstacles and hazards but no actual road blocks, that Piston long ago wrote a work titled "The Incredible Flutist." Fuchs sounded its well-spoken message in the spirit of the instrumental counterpart to that title which he is, and Bernstein performed an act of devotion to Piston for the influence he exerted in shaping Bernstein's collegiate (Harvard) career.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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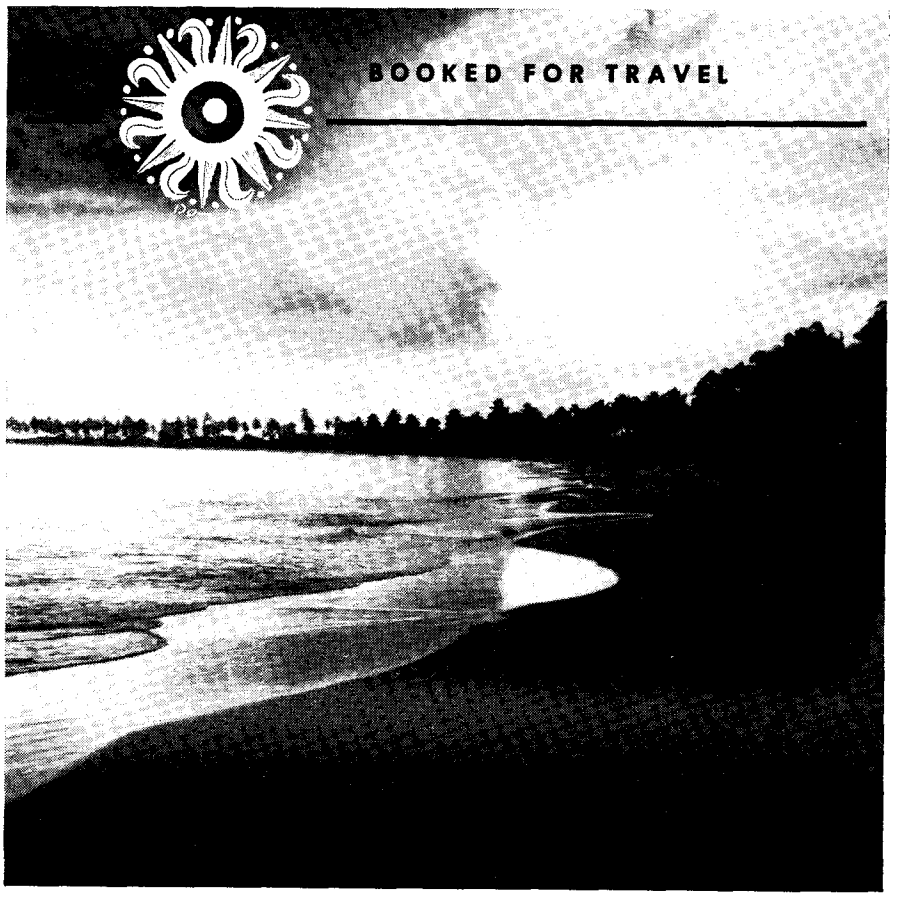

Vieques—seining nets, pelicans, and a jar of caviar.

There's a Small Hotel

ONE MORNING recently, just after dawn had begun to rouse Puerto Rico, I tiptoed along the whitewashed corridors of Don Pedro's Guest House, a den for vacationists out near San Juan's jet airport, slipped out the wrought-iron door, and was shortly rolling down San Juan's version of a freeway. Traffic was light, the morning was cool, and I sped along past the new hotels and office buildings with that marvelous sense of healthfulness and purpose that wells in people who are up and about long before their usual rising time.

In no time at all I was skimming along the Laguna del Condado. I spied the neat tiers of the Caribé Hilton rising at the water's edge, made the proper turn, and fetched up, as I was supposed to, on the scarcely used tarmac of the Isla Grande Airport. This old aerodrome in the center of the city had been virtually abandoned even before the jets began zooming down into Puerto Rico several years ago. As I picked my way along the old rutted roads unmarred by directional markers, I repressed a certain nostalgia which rose with maudlin enthusiasm to the occasion.

How busy Isla Grande Airport had been when I landed here fifteen years ago overnight from New York on my first foreign assignment. Now it was nearly a ghost field, resembling in some ways those films I see sometimes of the British airfields from which our bombers once flew.

There were no signposts to mark the way to the headquarters of Trade Winds Airways, which has, at the beastly hour of seven in the morning, flights to the island of Vieques, a sort of subsidiary of Puerto Rico half an hour away. There being no one in the outer office, I timidly pushed open a door marked PRIVATE. Somewhat to my surprise—I register slowly when not fully awake—I encountered a large lady with a large pile of bills. She sold me a ticket to Vieques, an island with an ancient history and new ideas, locked up the money, and pulled a mailbag out on the field, where a number of assorted airplanes bearing the Trade Winds Airways colors and insignia were waiting.

A platoon of pilots and mechanics were working over the planes, and when ours was ready I discovered that it was a five-place job with the fifth passenger stuffed into a seemingly inextricable position in the rear. Four passengers and the pilot showed up and there ensued an Alphonse and Gaston minuet, none of us being eager to draw the rear pew. My footwork being as deft as the next, I would, I think, have managed to ride as copilot had it not been for a nervous lady who insisted on that position because it was handy to the door. In case of danger, I imagine, she intended to leap for it. As it happened the whole ruddy contraption refused to start, and the pilot, shod in cowboy boots like some swashbuckling adventurer of the desert frontiers, had to try another ship. The passengers' charade began all over again, and with the places scrambled we were finally airborne and flying back over the humps of the Sierra de Luquillo. After managing a short stretch of sea we came down along a rough seaside strip, yawing into a cross wind all the bumpy way.

WHILE Vieques is only three and a half miles wide and eighteen miles long, it seemed a long and arduous ride from the strip to a lone resort called Frenchman's House, which along with 1,240 acres was bought by Robert F. Woolworth. Once a plantation house—the ruins of the sugar mill are still in evidence—Frenchman's House was indeed built by a Frenchman in 1909. Although Columbus claimed the island for Spain, it was the French who first colonized the place, and though the Spaniards began driving them off in the middle of the seventeenth century, they always seemed to return. Even in the middle of the nineteenth century, when Spain finally established a government on the island, the governor, one Theodore Le Guillen, was French.

Frenchman's House was opened last year as a resort, the first step in an ambitious program that called for the development of the three beaches on the Woolworth property and the building of private homes and at least one hotel. So far it is the only step that has been taken, so that resort life on Vieques is limited to the inhabitants of the twelve attractively decorated rooms in the main house and half a dozen other rooms in an annex.

Since I had missed breakfast at every turn—the coffee shop has long since fled the ghostly limits of Isla Grande Airport—I joined the resorty circle that was dining under a tented salon looking off through an open flap to a small but inviting pool. Splashing about in it at the time was Leonard Bernstein, whose presence at the breakfast table was being awaited by a lady in yellow pajamas who turned out to be Lillian Hellman. The management assured me the premises, however remote they appeared, were always pulsating with luminaries.

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The three beaches on the Woolworth property which are being used for guests vary in style and appeal. Sun Bay, a mile and a half long, has a lapping ripple. Media Luna, or Half Moon Beach, has no surf at all, is shallow as a wading pool until you're halfway to St. Thomas, and is inhabited by diving pelicans. Navia, a sort of *costa brava*, is strung with sea grape and bursts of yellow beach flowers and faces the open sea.

All of the beaches are a short ride from the main house, which stands on a rise looking off on all it can survey. Among the things one can survey from the broad porch are the helicopters of the United States Marines playing at some military maneuver in the east end of the island, all of which they, or rather the U.S. Navy, own. The Navy also owns some of the west end, too, which they lease to local cattlemen for grazing. Their camp is named for Fernando Luis Garcia, a local Medal of Honor winner. Much of "Battle Cry," a story about the Marines, was filmed here. So was "Away All Boats," which had to do with the Navy. "Lord of the Flies," which had to do with neither, which has an all children's cast, and which has not been released yet, was filmed here last summer.

The principal metropolis of Vieques is Isabel Segunda, which, despite the French influence, the Spaniards named in honor of their own reigning monarch. In 1844 the Spanish governor, one Don Rafael Aristegui, Conde de Mirasol, established a military command at Vieques, and work was begun on a fortress above the town. It was the last Spanish fort in this hemisphere, but it was never finished. Work is going on there now, and when I walked through it the other day, the old stones were strung with the scaffolds left by a restoration team seeking to keep Puerto Rico's Spanish Colonial culture alive. Through the old gunports which were never used, there were splendidly framed views of Culebra, another island of the Puerto Rican archipelago, of St. Thomas in the gray haze, of the dockside at Isabel Segunda in the brilliant sunshine, and of Puerto Rico rising forthrightly as a mother island should. Horses grazed in the quiet meadows, and there was nothing to riffle the air except perhaps for the wind as it sifted through the chattering dry seed pods of a tree known as woman's tongue.

Isabel Segunda, which has its own hotel, a neat and clean establishment called the Hotel Carmen, also is said to have more small bars per square inch than Virginia City. It is, however, despite its proclivity for saloons, one of the tidiest towns in the near tropics I have ever invaded. A few chickens cackled to break the heavy still of the

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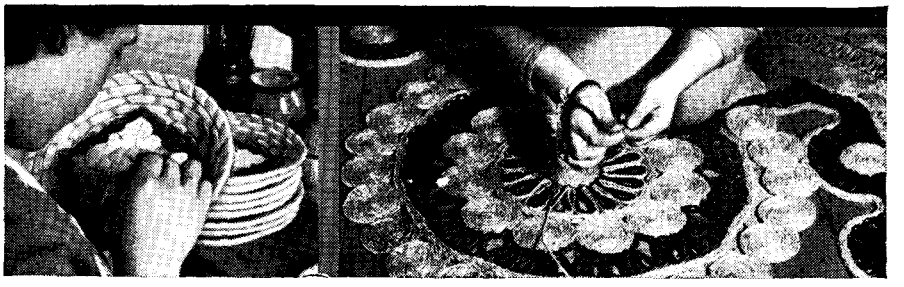

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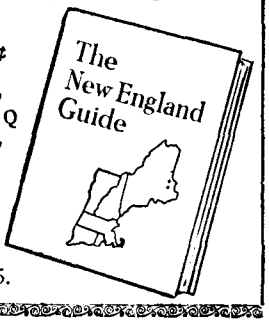

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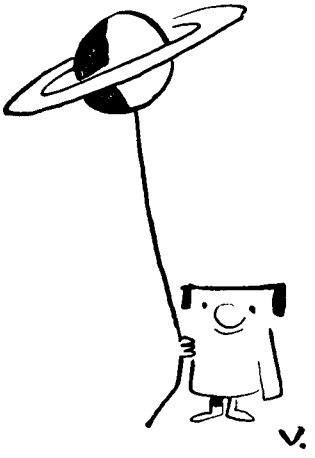
air the sunny morning I strolled through it, and from some tonsorial saloon came the buzz of the electric clippers. Down at the end of the block, framed by the palms, there was the sea and some small boats busy with their seining nets. Cargo boats had hoisted sail for Puerto Rico in the distance. Somewhere or other there were streets called Mon Répose, La Sorce, Martineau, Cofi, and Leguillou, all of them recalling the days of the French.

I drove back to Frenchman's House for lunch, and found Bernstein waiting at the entrance. He had been waiting all morning for the arrival of a riding horse which never came, and had been forced to spend the time studying the score of Petrouchka. He suggested a swim and we drove down the hill again and through the involved turnings to the edge of the sea where Miss Hellman, with Media Luna all to herself, had been bathing in private splendor. We fell into the turquoise sea and, with the Caribbean pelicans flying their Stuka sorties overhead, talked earnestly of touring in France. Up on the beach, under a frond-thatched shelter, Miss Hellman, much to Mr. Bernstein's surprise and to mine, was waiting with a giant jar of caviar which, foresightedly and, I thought with great élan, she had bought at a San Juan market. It was, I must say, a splendid touch and I knew that lunch, even at Mr. Woolworth's secluded inn, could scarcely match it. I was right, but it hardly mattered. The sun was high in the sky when I left, and so, for that matter, were the helicopters, practicing perhaps for some Vietnamese caper I knew not what. I decided to forego a replay of the morning's engagement on the plane for a ride on the ferry, and after paying my $2 I took a seat in the sun and settled back for the hour and a quarter chug to Playa de Fajardo on the eastern tip of the mother island. The cruise, I thought, was a grand success, the sea calm and the sky brilliant. On the dock I picked a driver from the many *publico* chauffeurs offering their cars, and sprawled in the front seat of a giant new limousine, I was shortly tooling along the highway again back to the small plot of Sevilla that is Don Pedro's. —HORACE SUTTON.



No Place Like Nome

Now the time of route and map
Enmeshes man in tender trap,
Awakes the dream, shakes the dust,
Springs the gates of wanderlust;

The world unlocks, flutters free,
From Crystal Falls to Kankakee,
Out to Aspen, straight to Nome,
Away from Humdrum, off to Rome;

The road lays open, like a book,
For man to read, to taste, to look,
To see the Abbey, Gothic Chartres,
Greenwich Village, old Montmartre;

Maybe Stockholm, Bruges, Assam,
San Francisco, Boulder Dam,
The Mohawk Trail, the classic scenics,
Seattle, Denver, Salt Lake, Phoenix;

The whine of jets surrounds the ear,
And diesels sound their vocals clear;
The jukebox jousts with carrousel,
And klaxons strafe the small motel;

But sweet's the tune of bursting spring
That sets its grace on everything,
And braids for man a siren's noose
That spurs the blood and turns him loose,

That bids him sling the drab aside
To take the tourist's brass-ringed ride,
Along odd paths from Sark to Turkey,
To Disneyland or Albuquerque;

In season young, so softly vernal,
There wells in man the leap eternal,
The urge to see, to talk, to roam,
In every nook excepting home!

—N.R.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Of Senators and Cabinet Members

ON THE surface, **"Advise and Consent"** would seem to be the film that American critics have been demanding these many years—bold, contemporary, significant. It handles controversial material with zest, and puts on the screen a portrait of Washington's upper echelons, both social and political, immediately recognizable to any newspaper reader. Indeed, despite the conventional disclaimer that "any resemblance . . . is purely coincidental," many viewers will find it (as did the readers of Allen Drury's original novel) a kind of *roman à clef;* and part of the fun is assigning real-life names to cinematic roles.

Part of the fun, too, is watching Otto Preminger's newsreel-like photography as he moves his camera through Senate chambers, Washington mansions, and the White House itself. Playing close to his characters, he seems constantly on the prowl, anticipating their movements, surprising them in their gestures. One has a sense of discovery, of coming upon these people at their most intimate and revealing moments. The camera action, always intricate, achieves virtuoso brilliance in the picture's final shot, a piece of film that runs more than three minutes and embraces everything from extreme close-ups to an eloquent long-shot from above as the Senate adjourns.

But good shooting never made a good movie; it can only help. And Preminger's film, with its plethora of characters, needs lots of help. Transitions are abrupt. Scenes often seem to have been truncated in order to switch to another part of the forest (or jungle) of Washington. And there is always a feeling of calculation about the picture—as if Preminger had said, "We need a little sex here, and let's hit the homosexuality there. If we throw in a scene of a pansy bar, it's bound to start talk. And this Van Ackerman—we don't want to make him too much like the late Joe McCarthy, but if we give him some business with a pipe, at least somebody will get the idea. . . ."

As a consequence, for all their surface realism, the scenes have an artificial ring to them. Preminger, expert that he is, pulls the strings, but what jumps are puppets instead of people. Perhaps, at least in part, this is the result of Wendell Mayes's screenplay. Faced with the problem of reducing Drury's huge novel to a playable length, he has had to capsulize by coming upon characters when they are making significant statements. Preminger as producer might have minimized this; but Preminger as director obviously relished playing each scene for all it is worth.

And what is it worth, in the long run? The picture, for all its air of exposé, proves to be as normal and blueberry pie as "State Fair." The dying President has sent to the Senate for approval a man he genuinely admires and respects, despite his red-tainted youth; the ineffectual Vice-President assumes the dignity of his office the moment the mantle has fallen upon him; the curmudgeonly Senator from South Carolina retires in good grace after the Senator from Utah's suicide; the Majority Leader, the Senator from Michigan, clasps the South Carolina Senator's hand and tells him that the Senate needs more reactionaries like him; and the Junior Senator from Wyoming, clearly patterned after McCarthy, retires from the floor in utter confusion after failing to force through the nomination of a Secretary of State. All's right with the world.

All's right, and yet all's not right. One feels that politics have been prettied up for this occasion, that a particularly well-oiled machine has pressed these characters into molds that look like the real thing, but are really pastel-tinted versions of them. The plot clickety-clicks along, but it deals with abstractions, labels, even stereotypes (albeit the stereotypes of our time). Perhaps "Advise and Consent" could be filmed in no other fashion; but one concludes long before the picture has run its course that Preminger's boldness is a sham, and we are left to admire the machinery, not its product. As to performances, in a long list of impressive names, young George Grizzard stands out as the power-hungry, envy-riddled Senator from Wyoming.

Any resemblance between **"The Cabinet of Caligari"** and the venerable classic to which it claims kinship by virtue of name is limited to the fact that both view the world through the eyes of a madman (or, in this instance, mad woman). Roger Kay's psychiatry may be sound, if primitive—he effects his cure in a record two and a half days—but for the viewer, this is more illuminating than engrossing: particularly since the world envisaged by a hapless Glynis Johns looks suspiciously like every other modern-designed, expensively appointed set ever erected at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Food for Thought

THE NOTION of a little man reluctantly turning to an ingenious criminal action in order to foil a merciless organization that is attempting to drive him out of business could make a delightful musical comedy. But, although the story of **"Bravo Giovanni"** has this recipe, it turns out to be disappointingly flavorless.

A. J. Russell's book, based on Howard Shaw's novel, introduces us to Giovanni, the proprietor of a small trattoria in Rome's Trastevere section. The role is played by Cesare Siepi, a handsome and self-assured opera star, who makes little effort to convince us that Giovanni is suffering any great distress because of the sudden threat to his livelihood presented by a chain restaurant that uses mass-production and price-war techniques. There is also very little in the proceedings to suggest either the charm or the temper of present-day Rome. The score is an assortment of quasi-Italian numbers and plain American popular tunes by Ronnie Graham and Milton Schafer. Robert Randolph's sets are a mixture of styles. And while Stanley Prager's direction and Carol Haney's choreography produce spasms of brief vitality, even these do not seem to come out of the atmosphere of Rome, or out of the story's real theme. The one exception to this is a kitchen scene in which we are treated to an amusingly absurd demonstration of how mass efficiency can defeat itself.

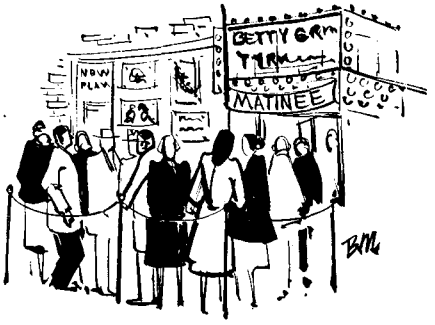
Mr. Siepi has a fine voice, but no emotional situation has been given him to justify his using it full throttle. Instead he sings mostly about food. There is supposed to be a romance between Giovanni and a beautiful young Italian peasant girl. But since the latter is played by a very American and brassy song belter named Michele Lee, the match becomes a half-hearted alliance between two singers with little in common.

Fortunately there is one actor in the cast. David Opatoshu is modestly entertaining as the bookseller who masterminds Giovanni's underworld activities. And dancing comedienne Maria Karnilova is madly hilarious as a supposedly decrepit old lady who outdances not only her younger escort, but the entire personnel of a night club.

However, one leaves "Bravo Giovanni" both wondering what this musical might have been like if more justice had been done to its story and feeling a little depressed about the chances authentic or distinctive fare has of emerging from the Broadway kitchen.

By coincidence this same week saw a stunning display of what can be accomplished by theatre artists creating under less hectic conditions. The Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden presented three masterful productions on successive nights and was content to offer us fine plays beautifully formed and produced—without reshaping the plays to disguise the fact that some important roles were less than ideally cast.

For instance, the company's production of **"Long Day's Journey Into Night"** was performed here with a less extraordinary actor playing the role originally created by Lars Hanson. The seventy-six-year-old dean of Swedish actors was offered to us in Strindberg's **"The Father"** instead. Mr. Hanson is a great actor who can be outrageously preposterous at one moment, and in the next shut off your impulse to laugh with the terrifying depth of his vision. After seeing him in "The Father," one gets an idea of the tension he brought



to the O'Neill play, and which was lessened here by his absence. Nevertheless, the rest of the original Tyrone family was complete, and the performances of Inga Tidblad as Mary, Jarl Kulle as Edmund, and Ulf Palme as Jim were individually splendid.

The Swedish company's visit suggests the reasons why Eugene O'Neill's three posthumously published plays had their world premières in Stockholm, and why Mrs. O'Neill has given the company the right to perform her late husband's unfinished and unpublished "More Stately Mansions" in Stockholm next fall. It is not that we do not have actors and actresses of this caliber here. We do. What we lack, and this lack becomes greater each season, are sensible conditions for theatrical creativity. —HENRY HEWES.

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And After Television?

A FIVE-MAN television documentary crew from the United States has recently finished shooting film here for an hour-long program which will give American viewers their first glimpse of elementary and secondary education in the Soviet Union. The program will be presented in the fall on the ABC-TV Bell and Howell series, "Close-up," which is produced by the network's Special Projects unit headed by John Secondari. I was the writer-member of the team.

One of the Soviet cameramen who participated in part of the project was introduced to us by our hosts, the Soviet Radio-TV Committee, as Vladimir. Tall, lean, and sandy haired, with sharply outlined features, he could almost always be spotted by his gray cap and navy-blue trench coat. Very early in the operation, Vladimir was seized with a passion to emulate Bill Hartigan, a genial ABC cameraman who handles his battery of 16 mm. cameras with unorthodox flexibility, imagination, and intuitive skill. Vladimir was so impressed with the novelty of Hartigan's style, that when asked by our Soviet colleagues to cover a scene himself, he would strive constantly for the American cameraman's mobility. He knew the American could move the way he did only because his camera was equipped with a special wide-angle lens yielding constant focus—but Vladimir would often forget and have to be reminded of this in his enthusiasm for the American's style.

The Soviet Radio-TV Committee acknowledged that they were all stimulated by the operational procedure of the ABC team. They will probably experiment with and perhaps introduce some of these techniques in their own future documentary work. The experience recalls Toynbee's theory of the psychology of encounters among civilizations. The English historian has suggested that, in the past, nations faced with cultural "aggression" by their neighbors, have often permitted the intrusion of trivial strands (usually technological) of the aggressor culture into their spiritual bodies on the assumption that these could do no serious damage to the defending culture. Toynbee says, however, that the flaked-off splinter of the aggressor's technology, when absorbed, inevitably draws after it the other "component elements of the social system in which this splinter is at home. . . ."

Moscow.

Thus, India, Japan, and even Russia have been unable to "decontaminate" Western technology, once they have absorbed it. Moreover, other strands of Western culture have invariably followed after the technological Pied Piper. It may be that, on a modest but nonetheless important scale, something like this may have happened in the recent encounter between the ABC-TV documentary team and their Soviet hosts.

The Russians—fulfilling an agreement made with James C. Hagerty, vice-president, ABC News and Public Affairs—had selected a Moscow school as the scene of the filming. The plan was to show, for half of a sixty-minute program, what Ivan's education is like and then to compare it, in the second half with a film, to be shot on the crew's return to the United States, showing an American Johnny's schooling. The Russians had set a ten-day limit for their end of the operation—time enough to photograph the school life of a typical Soviet boy. Both the ABC crew and the Russians, however, soon realized that the angle of observation was too narrow, and that the two educational systems could not really be compared usefully in this manner, differing as they do in their ultimate objectives. So, by common consent, the scope of the inquiry was widened to show vocational-technical secondary schools in Moscow, as well as a basic school which placed heavy emphasis on academic training, and also to glimpse Pioneer Palaces and Houses of Culture for Labor Reserves, which are important centers of extra-curricular activity for Communist youth. The Russians granted Nick Webster, the ABC producer, a four-day extension to accomplish the expanded schedule. Since, usually, Soviet government bureaus are severely compartmentalized and protocol complex, the step seemed significant. Perhaps American attitudes were beginning to tell.

It had become quickly apparent to the Russians that the ABC team was there to get the story and to transmit it as honestly as it was able—against the grain of inescapable cultural prejudices. This assessment by the Russians of the crew's motives may have been the most important factor in their decision to expand the original agreement. Toynbee's notion of the penetrating power of a strand of cultural radiation worked even deeper in this encounter. Photograph-

(Continued on page 54)

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Poems by Alan Dugan

MONOLOGUE OF A COMMERCIAL FISHERMAN

"If you work a body of water and a body of woman
you can take fish out of one and children out of the other
for the two kinds of survival. The fishing is good,
both kinds are adequate in pleasures and yield,
but the hard work and the miseries are killing;
it is a good life if life is good. If not, not.
You are out in the world and in in the world,
having it both ways: it is sportive and prevenient living
combined, although you have to think about the weathers
and the hard work and the miseries are what I said.
It runs on like water, quickly, under the boat,
then slowly like the sand dunes under the house.
You survive by yourself by the one fish for a while
and then by the other afterward when you run out.
You run out a hooky life baited with good times,
and whether the catch is caught or not is a question
for those who go fishing for men or among them for things."

ON DON JUAN DEL NORTE, NOT DON JUAN TENORIO DEL SUR

He wasn't handsome or young or even clever, but oh
he had a way with women, and when he came to town
the mothers noticed musing over the petit-point
and set their daughters onerous or pleasant tasks,
according to their ways, to meet his threat,
but, whether gathering dung for the evening fire
or roses for the sitting room, the daughters had
to wonder: reputation cannot be ignored,
and when he sat before the fire in the rosy room
they overlooked his pate, plate, and paunch,
and fell for his astonishing opinion of himself.
Even while their fathers traded maidenheads for goats
they learned the troubles of his unexceptional embrace,
and all that spring no goaty groom in town
could hang a bloody bed-sheet from his window-sill
not stained by a precautionary chicken's death
as proof of his astuteness as a judge of flesh
or verbalize his failure by the traveller's success.

IN THE FOREST

It was warm and cold,
cold from the damps because
it all took place in trees.
When it rained it rained
and when the rain stopped
the trees rained in the wind
and when the trees stopped
it rained. So it went.

Once it was huddling, once
it was sitting apart, once
it was bleeding in time.
We ate and we drank
and we slept and we
did something else
we should not talk about.
Was it love? It was all
supposed to be love.

My it was dark
at night. Whoever it was
who planned that place
forgot the lighting
although some claim to see.

Alan Dugan's book "Poems" has won the National Book Award, the Pulitzer Prize, and the Prix de Rome. Reprinted on this page are four new poems by Mr. Dugan.

ON A PROFESSIONAL COUPLE IN A SIDE-SHOW

She is the knife-thrower's lady:
around her outline
there is a rage of knives.
Unharmed, he hopes, inside,
she is love's engine
of black business
and the target of design.

What does she think of this?
The same, reversed: money is money
and spangled tights.
Those whistling knives of his
are kitchened, nights.

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Building Blocks of a Gentleman

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ONCE one accepts the fact that **"The Reivers"** (Random House, $4.95) isn't a major Faulkner novel, nor, I should say, was meant to be, one can settle down to enjoy it, for minor Faulkner may be very good, and this is. It is not comparable, of course, to "Light in August" or "Absalom, Absalom!" but I liked it better than I did either "The Town" or "The Mansion," the considerably more pretentious novels that preceded it. The novel that it most closely resembles is "Intruder in the Dust"; it is less topical and less grim, but it has the same kind of excitement.

The subtitle, "A Reminiscence," alludes to the fact that the narrator, Lucius Priest, is telling, as if to his grandchildren, about an adventure that happened to him in 1905, when he was eleven years old. Faulkner makes good use of the device, for he gives us the young, innocent, excited, frightened Lucius, put to a test that is almost beyond his strength, at the same time that he gives us the aging Lucius, who comments on events, not quite so loquaciously as Gavin Stevens but in somewhat the same vein, and talks amusingly about mules, autos, the population problem and other matters.

Lucius's adventure is spectacular enough. He and Boon Hogganbeck, with an unsolicited assist from Ned William McCaslin, steal Lucius's grandfather's automobile, almost the first automobile in Jefferson, and drive to Memphis, where they put up at Miss Reba's whorehouse, celebrated in "Sanctuary" and other portions of the Yoknapatawpha saga. As if that were not enough, Ned involves them with a stolen horse, and, after a series of races with young Lucius as jockey, the climax is reached by way of a dizzying series of twists and turns.

Each of the three principal characters is given his appropriate place in the saga. Lucius is a newcomer, but he is descended from the McCaslins and thus is related to a dozen characters we have met before. Ned is the son of a slave who was the natural daughter of Lucius Quintus Carothers, and hence he is a cousin, I guess, of Lucas Beauchamp in "Intruder in the Dust." Boon Hogganbeck appears in "The Bear," and there as here is a notoriously bad shot. Indeed, the episode with which the novel begins is based on a sentence or two in the earlier work. (This involves Faulkner in some chronological difficulties, which he tries with little success to straighten out. The time was when he made nothing of such discrepancies, but he has grown more self-conscious about the saga.)

Once the story gets under way, it moves at a splendid pace. Faulkner's characters are always setting out on perilous pilgrimages or undertaking almost or quite impossible tasks: the funereal mission of the Bundren family in "As I Lay Dying"; Lena Grove's long pursuit of Lucas Burch in "Light in August"; Thomas Sutpen's grand design in "Absalom, Absalom!"; the convict's quest in "The Old Man." In "The Reivers," as in "Intruder in the Dust," a boy finds himself confronted with a task that has to be done over and over again, but Lucius Priest is even younger than Chick Mallison, and perhaps that makes his gallantry all the more admirable.

IN HIS Nobel Prize speech Faulkner said, "I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail." What this means in terms of his novels is perfectly clear: his characters do endure; they endure endlessly; and in one way or another they prevail. So poor little Lucius, brought to tears more times than he likes to admit, endures and prevails. Ned McCaslin prevails, too, but his triumph comes by way of intelligence whereas Lucius's is achieved by character.

Ned, a middle-aged Negro, is a major character in the book. Faulkner has made him quite different from Lucas Beauchamp in "Intruder in the Dust," that statuesque figure of impervious dignity. Ned plays Uncle Remus when it serves his purpose, and he knows how to turn away the white man's wrath, which he often provokes, with a "Hee, hee, hee!" He lives by his wits, and his wits have a fine edge. Faulkner loves a wily strategist, and Ned, whom one would bet on even in a contest with Flem Snopes, is one of his best. He is so sure of himself that he can play the buffoon without losing his self-respect.

It is Ned who precipitates the wild adventure and guides its course, but Lucius is the hero. He knows that he is doing wrong when he connives in Boon's borrowing of the car, and his conscience troubles him constantly, but he accepts the consequences of what he has done, even when they seem certain to overwhelm him. He has weak moments, when he thinks he can simply walk out from under, but he refuses to give in: "Because I couldn't now. It was too late. Maybe yesterday, while I was still a child, but not now. I knew too much, had seen too much. I was a child no longer now; innocence and childhood were forever lost, forever gone from me." Thus he accepts the maturity that has been thrust upon him. He has been disciplined by his father and especially his grandfather in the code of a gentleman; he is truthful, responsible, considerate, brave; and these virtues enable him to endure and even to prevail.

The style is basically that which Faulkner has cultivated since "Intruder in the Dust": a voice that starts out, qualifies, interrupts itself, lunges ahead, and sometimes never gets anywhere at all—which is the way voices do behave, as anyone can tell who keeps an ear open at a party. It is a style that is really a good deal like Henry James's, except that James tucked away the qualifications and digressions in neatly grammatical phrases and clauses, as most people don't do in ordinary speech. Faulkner has used the style here with somewhat more restraint than he has sometimes shown —there are fewer breathless, nonstop sentences—and on the whole it is well suited to the kind of story he is telling.

There is in the book none of the demonic power and little of the dazzling originality of the half dozen great books that appeared from 1929 to 1943, but there is excitement, and there is humor, and there is a strong moral sense. When Lucius has his final reckoning with his grandfather, he wants to be punished, so that, as he puts it, he can get rid of all he has done. But his grandfather knows better, telling him that he must and he can live with it: "A gentleman can live through anything. He faces anything. A gentleman accepts the responsibility of his actions and bears the burden of their consequences, even when he did not himself instigate them but only acquiesced to them, didn't say No though he knew he should." Lucius, only eleven after all, begins to bawl. After a while his grandfather tells him to wash his face. "A gentleman cries too," he says, "but he always washes his face."

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Whither the Black Lusitanian?

"Portugal's Stand in Africa," by Adriano Moreira, *translated by William Davis and others (University Publishers. 261 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Angola in Ferment: The Background and Prospects of Angolan Nationalism," by Thomas Okuma*** *(Beacon. 137 pp. $3.50), quarrel about the desirability and tenacity of Salazar's grip on Portuguese possessions. Charles E. Nowell wrote "A History of Portugal."*

By CHARLES E. NOWELL

THESE two books give opposite points of view regarding the present policy and future of Portugal in Africa. Adriano Moreira, Portuguese Overseas Minister and professor at the High Institute for Overseas Study at the Technical University in Lisbon, defends his country's past and current activity in Africa and makes clear that Portugal has no intention of voluntarily abandoning any of its possessions there. Thomas Okuma, for eight years a Protestant missionary in Angola, where Portugal is experiencing the most trouble, confines his attention largely to that colony and predicts the early end of Portuguese sovereignty.

Except for a preface addressed to the American reader, the Moreira book consists of eleven lectures delivered from 1958 to 1961, ten to Portuguese audiences and one to the Angolan legislature. Naturally, some of them do not reflect the exact present situation: several were given before the armed outbreaks in Angola, and all antedate the first breach in the Portuguese empire caused by the Indian seizure of Goa last December. Nevertheless, save for one lecture devoted to Prince Henry the Navigator, they all breathe awareness of the major crisis faced by Portugal in Africa.

Much of what Moreira says makes sense. He points out that the political boundaries of most African subdivisions now being abandoned by European powers were established no earlier than the 1880s and 1890s during the partition of Africa. Groups of miscellaneous tribes, disunited and mutually hostile only two or three generations ago, were arbitrarily united by artificial frontiers drawn in European capitals by diplomats who knew Africa only from the faulty contemporary maps. Moreira might have added that eighty years ago Portugal held merely the coastlines of her present African possessions and that the name Angola, originally N'gola, once applied solely to chieftains of tribes in the Luanda area. The exploration of the interior was not substantially completed until 1880, colonial boundaries were established by treaty as late as 1891, and the military pacification of the hinterland was complete only after the establishment of the Portuguese republic in 1910. Add to the recency of the historical record the fact that the Angolan natives are miserably poor, mostly illiterate, and lack any political experience and technical skill, and it is easily proved that the colony is unready for independence. Speech is another handicap: when agitators from opposite ends of Angola meet to denounce Portugal, they must express their discontent in the only common medium, the Portuguese language.

Moreira takes his country's offical position in arguing that a sharp difference exists between the Portuguese work in Africa and that of other European states. The word integration is preferred to imperialism or colonialism. As their Brazilian record shows, the Portuguese have never been a blood-conscious people. They have regarded aborigines everywhere as their potential equals and have not hesitated to mix their strain. Portuguese Africa, the argument runs, is simply Portugal overseas, and an Angolan is as much a Lusitanian as is a native of Lisbon. In practice, some distinctions are necessary. An African who speaks Portuguese and is literate, self-supporting, and of known respectability is an *assimilado* who can travel where he pleases, receive white man's wages, and even vote in such elections as Portuguese Africa has. At the bottom of the scale is the illiterate *indígena*, who speaks Portuguese badly if at all, is subject to forced labor, restricted in his movements, and even more restricted as to legal rights. Moreira makes much of such equality as exists under this arrangement; however, from Okuma's book one learns that less than 1 per cent of the Angolans are *assimilados*.

—*Wide World.*

Angola rebels train in jungle.

Okuma, who has presumably spent more time in Angola than Moreira, gives a bitter and documented indictment of poverty and misgovernment under Portuguese rule. In his account of the recent fighting he describes the whites as more cruel and ruthless than the Negroes whose initial violence prompted the formers' reprisals. Okuma takes no stock in the Portuguese claim of assimilation and bi-racial Lusitanian civilization in Africa. To him, Angola is just another victim of European imperialism, more downtrodden and exploited than the recent colonies of Belgium and France. He predicts that in the final stages of Portuguese rule the mask of integration will be thrown off. Moreover, the future picture will be complicated by the fact, often forgotten, that a white party in Angola also favors independence. Although the second- and third-generation Angolans who compose it have largely lost loyalty to Portugal, their hopes and plans can scarcely be the same as those of their black neighbors.

Most readers will find Okuma's arguments for independence more congenial than Moreira's special pleading for a vanishing colonialism, but Moreira has come closer to grappling with the problem that will certainly arise regarding the future of an independent Portuguese Africa. Okuma's assertion that "independence, with or without the cooperation of Portugal, is the only way peace can be restored in war-torn Angola" is not enough. Heterogeneous populations whose only bonds are poverty, ignorance, and some desire to see the last of Portugal will not quickly become functioning nations. Moreira has the weight of probability on his side when he predicts that Angola and Mozambique, if tossed to the winds in the manner of the Belgian Congo, will soon be in an even worse shape.

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A New Face for Ex-Colonials

"Politics in Africa: Prospects South of the Sahara," by Herbert J. Spiro *(Prentice-Hall. 183 pp. Hardbound, $3.95; Paperback, $1.95), predicts that the continent's infant nations will be neither Western nor Communist in character. John Hughes, Africa correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor since 1955, and author of "The New Face of Africa," is a Nieman Fellow at Harvard this year.*

By JOHN HUGHES

IT'S A brave man today who dares forecast the future in Africa. This is a continent that already, by the speed and scope of its anticolonial revolution, has confused all the timetables and confounded many of the prophets.

Independence for Ghana touched off the revolution in 1957. But though the trend elsewhere in Africa seemed ultimately clear, who could have forecast that in five brief years the revolution would be all but over? That French and British Africa would be free, with even Mau Mau-scarred Kenya hovering on the brink of independence, and that Belgium's tight preserve of the Congo would be a sovereign African state, and that the Portuguese would be embattled in their long-quiescent colony of Angola?

Undoubtedly aware of the pitfalls of prophecy, Herbert J. Spiro has eased himself into the business very gently. Thus, despite the subtitle, "Prospects South of the Sahara," this is primarily a background volume, designed to help us develop our own perspective on the new Africa that confronts us.

Mr. Spiro is associate professor of political science at Amherst College, and his useful little book is the result of a year's study and travel in Africa. Quite obviously, he has done an impressive amount of research and has read all the relevant government reports, newspaper clips, and scholarly tomes. Perhaps inevitably, and probably intentionally, this is a book in academic vein, and so, just as inevitably, it lacks the color of personal acquaintance with events. Thus, while there is much about what Dr. Nkrumah has written and said, there is little that tells what sort of man he is. There is a clinical précis of events in the Congo, but no breath of the drama and tension that gripped anyone who was actually there during the crisis.

Some of Professor Spiro's deductions and statements may stir controversy among his readers. Highly debatable are such flat statements as: "Their own pre-colonial history is of no interest to the Africans themselves," and that African leaders since independence "have been too busy as politicians for serious reflection about the future pattern of politics in their countries." Then there are more specific issues, such as Professor Spiro's dismissal of the Congolese army's military equipment, when in fact it was the most up to date and impressive in black Africa, and his assertion that African problems are only "peripheral" to the British government, which can thus take a "fairly detached" view of African events, relatively uninfluenced by "special interests or the fickleness of public opinion."

In the light of many of the Verwoerd government's actions there may be some questioning of Professor Spiro's view of white Afrikaner "legalism." Similarly, when Dr. Nkrumah's political opponents find themselves locked up in a Ghana jail it is doubtful they would agree that "African notions of time and space lend a less unpleasant aspect to arrests than they have to us."

Hence this may be seen as a book useful to stimulate discussion and deduction about Africa, rather than as a manual to be learned by rote.

Meanwhile in his broad approach Professor Spiro exhibits sympathy and affection for the new Africa and its peoples and arrives at a personal conclusion with which few African specialists will quarrel. This is that Africa is going to be essentially African—not Western or Communist in character; that politics may take on new African dimensions in that continent, brushing aside Western concepts of democracy and parliamentary procedure; and that we of the West must foster our patience and understanding towards the peoples of the new Africa.

Parting the Veils Over Red Rifts

"The Sino-Soviet Conflict, 1956-1961," by Donald S. Zagoria *(Princeton University Press. 401 pp. $8.50), and* ***"Communist China's Strategy in the Nuclear Era," by Alice Langley Hsieh*** *(Prentice-Hall. 186 pp. hardbound $4.50; paperback, $2.25), discern significant patterns and meanings in the party cant employed by Peking and Moscow. Robert A. Burton served as secretary to a founder and leader of the Chinese Communist Party.*

By ROBERT A. BURTON

SOME of the most revealing work on Red China is being done by people who have not necessarily been there at all. Instead, they have steeped themselves in Chinese and other published Communist material. They have defined significant patterns and meanings in the highly stylized, almost symbolic language used by Communists. And by combining their interpretations of these patterns and meanings with other available information they have often turned out exceedingly enlightening analyses. Their methodology is far from being mystical. It may constitute an art rather than a science, but in qualified hands it has a good deal of precision to it.

Two such works on Red China, both of them important, are "The Sino-Soviet Conflict, 1956-1961," by Donald S. Zagoria, and "Communist China's Strategy in the Nuclear Era," by Alice Langley Hsieh.

"The Sino-Soviet Conflict" is an especially impressive job. Mr. Zagoria has mobilized a great mass of material in a simple, orderly fashion that permits the reader to see his conclusions grow organically from substantiating evidence. It is his position that, with factionalism and the open airing of differences proscribed in the Communist world, Communist parties and individuals are forced to differ through "esoteric" or "symbolic" communication. Thus, differences over policy or strategy alternatives are heavily veiled in doctrinal exegesis. It is merely necessary to identify the veils for what they are to see the fascinating practical controversies they obscure. As Mr. Zagoria points out, the evidence drawn from this technique has been much used in

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studies of Soviet power hierarchies. He impressively demonstrates the technique's applicability to Sino-Soviet behavior as well.

The conflict Mr. Zagoria traces involves so many issues and is so intense that he believes no amount of papering over is likely to eliminate its causes. Apparently Peking is convinced that a decisive balance of power lies with the Communist world. In 1957 it began trying to induce the Russians to exploit this state of affairs. Using Soviet power as a defense shield, Peking strongly advocated making Communist foreign policy gains, using warfare where expedient, in the belief that the West would be afraid to retaliate.

Moscow apparently felt that in the nuclear era the balance of power on the Communist side was not all that decisive. It insisted upon a long-haul policy of attrition against the non-Communist world. Both Peking and Moscow pressed their policies with mounting insistence, and in the process Peking's position became an open challenge to Soviet leadership of the world Communist movement. Numerous issues other than foreign policy were, or became, involved in the rift.

Serious as this rift is, Mr. Zagoria feels that Moscow and Peking have more in common with each other than with the West. This sets a rational limit to the conflict between them. Neither can be expected to align itself with, say, the United States against the other. Nor, in seeking to keep Peking in line, could Moscow be expected to apply pressures that would jeopardize the Communist regime in China.

Within some such limits, however, the rivalry between Peking and Moscow can be expected to continue as the Communist movement gropes for an international organizational structure to replace the uncompromising centralism of Stalin's day. This continuing situation naturally has all sorts of implications of advantage and disadvantage for both the Communists and the non-Communists.

FOR the West, for example, Mr. Zagoria stresses the need to step up efforts to convince both Moscow and Peking that the balance of power is not shifting in the Communist favor and that Western strength, even when used to deter Soviet ambitions, in effect strengthens Khrushchev's hand against Mao Tse-tung. It also convinces the Russians that their cautious approach to the non-Communist world is necessary. Meanwhile, as Peking works out its economic and military deficiencies, as it moves inevitably toward eventually having its own nuclear bombs and ICBMs, and as the USSR continues to grow stronger, the Communist challenge to the West will remain. It may well increase.

"Communist China's Strategy in the Nuclear Era" is a deft analysis, rather narrowly limited in scope, of Peking's efforts to evolve a military doctrine and adopt a military posture suitable to an era of nuclear bombs and ICBMs. The book fits in quite snugly as a companion-piece to Mr. Zagoria's work.

—*Eastfoto.*

Mao Tse-tung chatting with Nikita S. Khrushchev in Peking—a bleak prospect for Moscow, but "no doubt . . . even bleaker for Washington."

The hallowed military doctrine of Mao Tse-tung, Miss Hsieh indicates, is outmoded in this era. In order that a relatively weaker force conquer a stronger adversary, Mao emphasizes the necessity for a prolonged conflict. This doctrine was used with telling effect against the Japanese and the Nationalists. But how do you prolong a war when you have no nuclear bombs or ICBMs and your country is devastated in the first hours of the war by a nation that does have such weapons and that does not bother to invade with ground forces?

After considerable struggle within the army and the Party, Peking adopted a policy that Miss Hsieh calls "transitional." It is a policy that looks to the day when Communist China will have an independent nuclear capability, at which time military training, organization, and weapons will be geared to that capability. Meanwhile, with no nuclear capability of its own, and with the Kremlin apparently unwilling to give them nuclear bombs, the Chinese Communists are almost wholly dependent for defense against a nuclear power upon the Soviet deterrent shield. Peking has on occasion tried to force the USSR to use that shield as an umbrella under which Chinese Communist forces would try to take the off-shore islands and Taiwan. But Russia, which is skittish about the possibility of being drawn into a war with the United States, has withheld the promises of atomic support without which Peking feels it cannot risk even a limited war with the United States.

Therefore, until such time as Peking's indigenous nuclear bomb production program begins turning out bombs, Peking's bellicose intentions can be checked by Moscow's temperance. Quoting another study, Miss Hsieh estimates that, with help the Russians may be giving, Peking may be able to detonate her first nuclear device this year or next. She might then build a limited nuclear stockpile by 1965 or 1966.

Whenever Peking does attain even a limited nuclear capability, her prestige, real military might, and political leverage will, Miss Hsieh notes, greatly increase. Such a prospect may be a bleak one for Moscow. But no doubt the prospect is even bleaker for Washington. For while Peking is very angry indeed with Moscow, she is many times more angry with the U.S. Both Mr. Zagoria and Miss Hsieh suggest that the principal hope of preventing this anger from erupting into a nuclear war is a continuing, and probably heightened, effort by the United States to demonstrate that it will not back down in the face of threats of war.

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A Dutiful Daughter Grows Up

"The Prime of Life," by Simone de Beauvoir, *translated by Peter Green (World. 479 pp. $6.95), the second volume of the writer's autobiography, covers the years 1929-44, the most crucial in her life. Leon S. Roudiez is on the graduate faculty of Columbia University.*

By LEON S. ROUDIEZ

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR might not go down in history as a very great writer, leader, or thinker; but her life is in many respects an exemplary one. Thanks to the two volumes of autobiography that have now been released, we have an illustration of what an existentialist concept of ethics can do to an individual. Her first volume, "The Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter," was less significant from that point of view: overflowing with what journalists call "human interest," it gave us little more than a commonplace picture of adolescent rebellion—the kind of thing that could lead anywhere, and, in most cases, ends up in a "mature" acceptance of what youth had rejected. "The Prime of Life," on the other hand, reveals how Mme. de Beauvoir has been able to build a meaningful existence out of the shambles of her earlier years.

In 1928 the struggles of her teens were over; Simone de Beauvoir had conquered her freedom. Such conquest, however, as Gide once remarked, is relatively easy, and she soon must have been aware of the very dubious nature of her victory. Because her concept of reality and freedom clashed with that of others, she avoided the conflict by allowing only the fringes of her being to come into contact with the outside world. She thus preserved her freedom by refusing to confront reality—giving in to what Sartre identified as a form of schizophrenia. Mme. de Beauvoir considered earning a living a comedy or a game that did not compromise her true personality; as a *lycée* teacher of philosophy, first in Marseilles, later in Rouen and Paris, she had practically no professional or social dealings with her colleagues as such; and as a Frenchwoman she shunned active involvement in politics. Her contacts were conducted on a personal basis, with individuals.

How a freedom that was at the outset rather meaningless and irresponsible became transformed into something more positive is not always made clear, and one has to read a certain amount between the lines. Quite obviously, the woman who has now written her autobiography does not coincide with the one who lived the earlier portions of her career, nor does she, in writing about that younger person, lose sight of the woman she has become. Consequently, the perspective afforded the reader is very different from that which he might have gained had he been able to scan her diaries. Although she assures us that "The Prime of Life" "has no moral purpose," in it Mme. de Beauvoir is ever the teacher, a little too frequently explaining why such and such took place—pointing to a meaning and a lesson.

As the young *professeur de philosophie* slowly merges with the figure we know as Simone de Beauvoir, she is able to infuse her narrative with an increasing feeling of authenticity. For instance, descriptions of political events no longer seem artificially pinned onto her biography—oversimplified, two-dimensional masks that reflect her present views; rather, they exhibit a greater emotional as well as intellectual participation in the life of others. There is a striking difference between her summary of Premier Léon Blum's Popular Front experiment, inserted among personal and, to her, more important happenings, and her experience of the Occupation years, fully integrated with the story of her life. What had occurred in between was that "her experience cracked and showed faulty": she was not the privileged individual she thought she was ("To be oneself, simply oneself, is so amazing and utterly unique an experience. . . ." *vs.* "*I* had abruptly become 'other people' "); she could become ill and be taken to a hospital, and "misfortune and misery [could] erupt into the world"—more precisely, they could disrupt her own existence.

There is no doubt that Sartre also played a considerable role in her transformation; but one should not view their intellectual relationship as a one-way proposition. Their minds and dispositions are in several ways complementary, and she has been no less of an asset to him. He, too, had a long way to go, from the romantic graduate student Simone de Beauvoir had met at the University of Paris in the late Twenties, to the existential philosopher of 1944. While she gives evidence of having considerable sensitivity coupled with a quick perceptivity (Sartre told her that her "grasp of philosophical doctrines . . . was quicker and more precise than his own"), he, on the other hand, reveals a super-intellectualized personality, driven by considerable will power, never content with merely "grasping" but eager to use other thinkers' conclusions as springboards toward better ones.

—Elliott Erwitt, Pix.

Simone de Beauvoir—an "essential love."

Teaching the same subject as Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir could have long discussions with him, take part in the numerous philosophical arguments he had with others, keep abreast of his reading, and witness, as well as profit from, the evolution of his thought. Until we can read his own memoirs, she provides us with the best available peephole into his personality and intellectual development. "The Prime of Life" thus contains many interesting or amusing sidelights on his and Mme. de Beauvoir's readings in philosophy and literature, their curious reaction to the films of W. C. Fields and the Marx brothers, and their occasionally stormy relations with various individuals. We also learn the details of the lengthy efforts both had to exert, as writers, before their first novels were

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accepted by a publisher, thus gaining insight into their creative talent and a better understanding of works like "Nausea" and "She Came to Stay."

What André Maurois has admiringly described as a "beautiful friendship" and Sartre himself as an "essential love" dominates the narration throughout the entire volume. Free from sentimentality and prejudice, respecting each individual's feelings and freedom, it stands as a triumph of the intellect—but hardly one that the rest of us could, or would, imitate today. Here, as in other matters of personal behavior, I suspect the reaction of many Americans will be one of disapproval. Before we condemn, however, we might ask ourselves if the code of ethics we have inherited or otherwise accepted is really applicable to one who has denied the validity of all pre-existent moral systems. Turned toward the future instead of the past, emphasizing each individual's responsibility and the fact that, in a world without God, one's sins can never be expiated, Simone de Beauvoir accepts what she has called elsewhere "the live motion of the world," during which, through all our separate choices, the ethics as well as the essence of man are slowly taking shape. Whatever her errors and shortcomings, she displays a seriousness of purpose and a faith in man that should give us pause.

Hub's Golden Age of Skulduggery

"Honey Fitz: Three Steps to the White House," by John Henry Cutler *(Bobbs-Merrill. 323 pp. $5.95), pictures the most energetic mayor Boston ever had, President Kennedy's colorful maternal grandfather. A Bostonian by birth, Benjamin C. Bradlee is Newsweek magazine's Washington Bureau chief.*

By BENJAMIN C. BRADLEE

HERE is "The Last Hurrah" in fact, not fiction.

If it is more a rogues gallery of the Golden Age of Skulduggery in Boston politics than a biography of John F. "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, President Kennedy's maternal grandfather *was* a vintage rogue in a vineyard of rogues that has never been equaled:

- James Michael Curley, the legendary pol who could and did run for office from a jail cell—and win.
- Michael J. Ward, a school committeeman who opposed letting schoolchildren give pennies for a Paul Revere bowl. "Paul's bowl was filled with rum, not pennies," he said. "He should have been arrested for drunk driving when he warned the British were coming."
- Martin Lomasney, who once told a ward politician, to teach him a lesson, "Next time I'll run a newsboy against you and beat you"—and did.
- Smiling Jim Donovan, a onetime butcher boy, turned ward boss, who, it was said, could cut a chunk from behind the horns of a steer, smile at the customer, and sell it for tenderloin.
- "Pea Jacket" Maguire, "not smart enough to be governor, too smart to be mayor," and, so, a tailor who supplied uniforms for the inmates of the city jail.
- Patrick "P.J." Kennedy, the President's paternal grandfather, a taciturn, good-natured saloon-keeper, who once told a bar fly he would elect him alderman if he would stop drinking.
- And Honey Fitz himself, the only man who could sing "Sweet Adeline" while sober (he didn't drink) and get away with it, the most energetic mayor Boston ever had. He averaged two dinners, three dances, and six speeches a night during the first two years of his first term as mayor.

United only in their dislike of Boston's "codfish aristocracy" (an insult to the cod, said Curley), they brawled amongst themselves, stealing votes from each other, burning ballot boxes, and generally insulting each other as much as the non-Irish Republican enemy.

—From the book.

Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, 1913—"no stranger to the White House."

John Henry Cutler, a former professor (Dartmouth) turned weekly publisher, and a Bostonian himself, has painted Honey Fitz and his pals with devoted—if sentimental—eye for detail. His description of immigrant Boston in the 1850s, when the anti-Irish Yankees created the first urban mass slums in America, is well done. Fleeing the potato famine, the Irish poured into Boston only to be greeted as Harps and Micks, biddies, and pot-wallopers, while they stared at the NINA signs (No Irish Need Apply) and filled up the North End tenements. The description is vivid and goes far to explain the drives of Honey Fitz and the Irish politicians of his day.

But when Cutler tries to relate the potato famines of 1847 to Honey Fitz's grandson the book is no longer history, and often misleading. Honey Fitz's day has long gone, and it had already long gone before he died in 1950. That is one of the main reasons why he was regularly defeated for public office after 1914. The Irish have been running Massachusetts for half a century, except for the odd exception that proves the rule like Leverett Saltonstall—and he according to legend is Irish on his chauffeur's side.

But it is a new breed of Irish, with two bathrooms per family instead of two per tenement, with college educations and a sense of belonging.

President Kennedy, who relished the old man's stories and still remembers hundreds of them, is bound to Honey Fitz by love and respect, but little else. Honey Fitz was no stranger to the White House during the Administration of President Cleveland, when he was for a time the only Catholic in the House of Representatives. But if his grandson weren't living there, he would be a stranger in the White House today.

Picture the Nobel Prize dinner and the Malraux dinner, and then listen to "Municipal Ballad No. 79" (1894):

> Honey Fitz can talk you blind
> On any subject you can find.
> Fish and fishing, motor boats,
> Railroads, street cars, getting votes,
> Proper way to open clams,
> How to cure existing shams;
> State Street, Goo-Goos, aeroplanes,
> Malefactors, thieving gains,
> Local transportation rates,
> How to run the nearby States;
> On all these things, and many more,
> Honey Fitz is crammed with lore.

Cutler's "Honey Fitz" is fine when he sings the municipal ballads of the nineteenth-century Boston. It is misleading to equate them with twentieth-century America.

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Occupation: Congressional Gadfly

"The Tiger in the Senate: The Biography of Wayne Morse," by A. Robert Smith *(Doubleday. 455 pp. $4.95), scrutinizes the elements that have made the Oregon solon a full-time maverick in American politics. Robert H. Salisbury teaches political science at Washington University in St. Louis.*

By ROBERT H. SALISBURY

—Berryman (Washington Star).

THE "CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY" is a standard element in the American political tradition. Ordinarily, such a book is written by a facile journalist, hired to promote the Presidential aspirations of some prominent candidate. Although there have been occasional exceptions, most of these volumes rapidly pass on to a well-deserved limbo.

A. Robert Smith has decisively escaped this tradition. He has written a book about a candidate—for re-election to the Senate in 1962, not, at the moment, for the Presidency. Unlike many of his newspaper colleagues, however, he has not written a puff piece, but an incisive study, which raises important questions about our politics and answers them through a fascinating scrutiny of Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon.

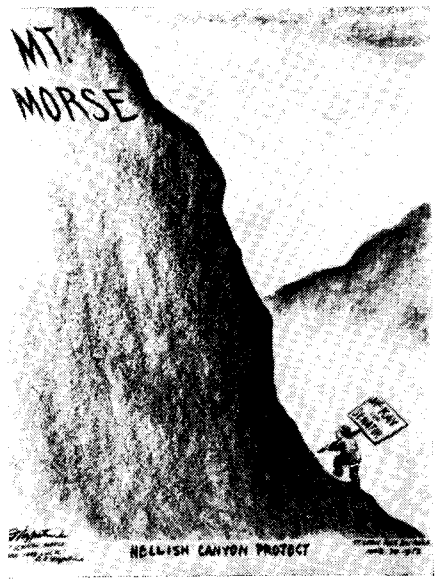
There would be little justification for a biography of a Senator until he had been long in his grave were it not for the fact that Wayne Morse is one of the most interesting phenomena in our public life. Brilliant and erudite, he is perhaps the first orator in the Senate. Self-righteously proclaiming himself the "one true liberal," he began his political career by lambasting the New Deal for its domestic programs. He is the only major public figure in this century to switch parties successfully *after* being well established on the national political scene. Most important of all, perhaps, he has made his major contribution as the gadfly of the Senate. For eighteen years he has been the most prominent full-time maverick in our politics.

We once had many mavericks, and, as Smith points out, men like Robert La Follette and George W. Norris were named among the five most distinguished Senators in history. But this role is uncommon now, and quite possibly unfortunate for the country. In any event, Morse quite explicitly styles himself after La Follette. From the great Progressive Morse drew some of his uncompromising attitudes toward the things he regards as evil, as well as a faith that the future will vindicate his position even though he loses in the present.

Morse regards himself as in the La Follette tradition when he spends most of his time opposing evil rather than attempting to promote good. Eighteen years of service in the Senate have produced astonishingly little in the way of positive Morse legislative accomplishment. His notable exploits—the record-setting speech against the tidelands oil bill in 1953, opposition to Hell's Canyon and other "giveaways," and his attack upon Clare Booth Luce—were mainly negative. Not until 1961 did he successfully steer a major bill—for federal aid to education—through the Senate.

Is the gadfly an adequate role for Morse to play, or should his considerable talents be put to broader use? Smith agrees with many observers who feel Morse has wasted much of his ability, and does an admirable job of exploring the reasons for this waste. He finds that for thirty years Morse has

(*Continued on page* 39)



—Fitzpatrick (St. Louis Post-Dispatch).

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Eerie Emblems of a Bizarre, Terrifying World

"Labyrinths: Selected Stories and Other Writings," by Jorge Luis Borges, *edited by Donald A. Yates and James E. Irby (New Directions. 248 pp. $5.50), and* ***"Ficciones," by Jorge Luis Borges,*** *edited by Anthony Kerrigan (Grove. 174 pp. $3.50), sample the special qualities of the Argentine man of letters who last year shared with Samuel Beckett the first International Publishers Prize. Saul Maloff is on leave of absence from the faculty of the University of Puerto Rico.*

By SAUL MALOFF

THE EDITORS and publishers of these books, as well as the translators of the individual selections—Anthony Kerrigan, Donald A. Yates, James E. Irby, John M. Fein, Harriet de Onís, Julian Palley, Dudley Fitts, Alastair Reid, Anthony Bonner, Helen Temple, Ruthven Todd—are to be congratulated for making more generally available the work of this distinguished Argentine, who, until now, has appeared here only in the little magazines and an occasional anthology. The present attempts to redeem him for a larger public are especially praiseworthy since, by his very nature as a writer, Jorge Luis Borges is not likely to have the widest appeal: he is special, therefore doubtless anathema to many commercial publishers.

Most of the selections in "Ficciones" have been included in "Labyrinths," which contains as well essays on literary and philosophical themes, along with some "Parables," so that altogether we are given a reasonably adequate representation of the forms Borges has preferred since he abandoned verse.

However, although the editors had no alternative, the very term "Ficciones" is an unfortunate one, conveying as it does the sound and implication of our word "fiction," with which it has little in common. The pieces seldom run to more than a few pages in length; they contain no characters or scenes as we normally understand them, and hardly any narrative in the usual sense: they do not, in sum, have the feel—the rhythm and shape, the sound and sense—of fiction. Much more does the form look and feel like parable and allegory, a kind of intense and resonant, highly colored and relentlessly compressed prose that strives toward, and often attains, the condition of poetry. Nothing is given and nothing is concluded: it is all evocation, all suggestion, and what is evoked and suggested is not obscure, but mysterious.

Jorge Luis Borges—rational nightmares.

Borges's composed, carefully-wrought, gnarled style is at once the means of his art, and its object—his way of ordering and giving meaning to the bizarre and terrifying world he creates: it is a brilliant, burnished instrument, and it is quite adequate to the extreme demands his baroque imagination makes of it.

That world is, as he says in the illuminating essay "The Argentine Writer and Tradition," a place so strange and desolate and haunted that it cannot be properly conveyed by any of the modes of realism; to impart a sense of it one must first abandon oneself to the dream, the nightmare. The style he has fashioned for that purpose is a kind of calligraphy suited to those penumbral states. And if this sounds as if it might apply to the art and world of Kafka, that is not surprising, for although he is absolutely and most vividly original, Borges is generously and percipiently aware of the surrealist literary tradition in which he stands; and Kafka, with his febrile and chilling evocation of a nightmare world, is part of it. So are Poe and Chesterton and Valéry, Yeats and Rilke, the French Symbolists and the German Expressionists, with whom Borges was directly associated during the 1920s; and this is by no means an exhaustive list. As Borges says in the essay "Kafka and His Precursors": ". . . every writer *creates* his own precursors." By assimilating and transmuting to his uses a great literary tradition, a really original writer—perceiving and rendering his world uniquely—is by that imaginative act *creating* a tradition where before that there were only diverse writers and tendencies. Retrospectively, and through his art only, are we able to perceive tradition and order in the anarchy of individual acts.

If, paradoxically, only nightmare has the solidity, weight, and density necessary for conveying the impression and quality of "reality," then we must expect an art in which, in Borges's words, the "element of astonishment" provides the essential tone. And—given his "rage for symmetries," his conception of metaphysics as a "branch of fantastic literature," his "games with time and infinity," his obsession with mind and order—Borges's nightmares are rational ones, eerie emblems of the world we apprehend by the imagination: these nightmares are lucid and austere. Their controlling metaphor is of the world as labyrinth—a metaphor that recurs constantly throughout the work—a labyrinth in which we all wander, perpetually lost, implacably pursued by the murderous stranger who acts out of inscrutable motives that are fantastically reasonable, perhaps because we possess a secret for the having of which we are killed. We act, as he does, because we can do no other, while just beyond our dark forms the spectral house looms against the unreal, Gothic landscape.

In an obvious reference to his own work, Borges writes in one of the "ficciones": "I am like Cowley's 'Odes.' . . . I do not belong to Art, but merely to the history of art." That, perhaps, is the Argentinian's great distinction.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 7, 5, 13, 1, 8, 2, 6, 12, 3, 14, 10, 11, 9.

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The Ghostly Deus ex Machina

"Voices at Play," by Muriel Spark *(Lippincott. 248 pp. $4), comprises four radio scripts and six short stories by the author of "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie." Haskel Frankel edits the TV, movie, and theatre columns for Show magazine.*

By HASKEL FRANKEL

ADMIRERS of Muriel Spark are in for a disappointment with "Voices at Play," a collection described as "stories and ear-pieces." Needless to say, there is no disappointment concerning Mrs. Spark's style, nor with her ear for meaningful dialogue or the telling incident that reveals character. The disappointment lies within the stories and radio plays themselves.

The latter—there are four—were performed in Britain on the Third Programme. They probably played better than they read. Fine dialogue spoken by good actors can fool a listener into believing he has had a complete experience. But hand that listener the script and let him read it through at his own pace, let him go back through the script to seek out the meaning of actions and speeches, and anything less than a solid job of construction is in trouble. And this is the case with three of Mrs. Spark's playlets.

This trio of plays, by nature of their endings only, fall into the category of the supernatural. The fourth is in the area of fantasy-horror; it is all of a piece but too vague to be fully satisfying. Because of their subject matter, the three plays invite comparison to such contemporary masters as Roald Dahl and John Collier, each of whom is at home with an ordinary situation that slowly evolves into the credibly incredible. Unfortunately, Mrs. Spark's plotting suffers by this comparison. In each story she has produced a realistic plot and developed it along realistic lines until the end, when she rings in the spirit world. A ghost may make an easy out (much like those dreadful stories where the last paragraph reveals that all was a dream) but it doesn't make a satisfactory tale.

Muriel Spark "the telling incident."

The collection also houses six short stories, two of which—"The Ormolu Clock" and "A Member of the Family" —represent Muriel Spark at her best. In the first, she tells of an Austrian peasant woman whose successful hotel has just about put the one next door out of business. In a seemingly minor, beautifully conceived action by the woman the defeated hotel owner learns his fate. No words are spoken between them, no physical contact occurs, but the man's doom is apparent to the entire village.

"A Member of the Family" concerns a courtship and the girl's anxiety to meet the young man's mother, a sure sign that he will ask her to marry him. The entire story builds to eight spoken words that tell the reader the girl's future and reveal the relationship between mother and son. They may be among the most chilling eight words written in centuries.

Of the remaining four stories, three utilize murder in much the same way that the radio plays employ ghosts—as a way out of it all. In one, "The Dark Glasses," Mrs. Spark is guilty of the sort of plotting one would not excuse in a poor writer. She has a girl, standing under a tree in a heavy rainstorm, overhear a conversation spoken behind the plate-glass window of a shop nearby. Incredible.

The ultimate impression of "Voices at Play" is that someone urged Mrs. Spark to dig into her trunk for a quick follow-up to "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie." If this is the case, she was either ill-advised or does not realize how fine a writing talent she possesses.

Candles in a World of Night

"The Wax Boom," by George Mandel *(Random House. 307 pp. $4.95), tells of a tired combat troop's infatuation with light during the last dark months of the Second World War. Ihab Hassan is the author of "Radical Innocence."*

By IHAB HASSAN

MANY novels about the Second World War have been published, and yet only a few have achieved the true measure of distinction. Why? The question is not easily answered. Shock and outrage are hard to subdue by the imagination. Indeed, the horrors of that war still ravage the memories of its witnesses; the experience of it still eludes their understanding.

George Mandel's novel, which must be finally judged a miss, reflects the difficulties inherent in his subject. A compelling idea lies at its center, though it is never realized as drama or fiction. The soldiers of a tired combat troop, fighting a hysterical enemy on its own German soil during the last months of the war, value wax more than bullets or food. They make candles of it to dispel the darkness of the night, the blackness of their fear and of their solitude. The wax comes from the statues of saints that they pillage from a German church. Even the idol of Christ himself, eight feet tall, is broken and melted. "Wax was an important commodity in the outfit's infatuation with light."

It is, of course, more than a commodity. It is an urgent need, both human and spiritual. "Every night we wait in the dark, every goddam night of our lives we wait and wait and wait. Sometimes I forget what we're waiting for," a soldier cries. Mandel shows a groping understanding of the fearful scene to which he has made us witness. But we never seem to be able to penetrate it. The style, clipped and crackling like a machine gun, describes action without interpreting it. The stunned consciousness of his characters, who move in a world where "no law of nature guarantees fairness," repels sympathy or intuition. And the story line, repetitive, mechanical, and delu-

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manized like war itself, cannot hold us to a feeling of anger or even of revulsion. In the end, anger itself is crushed by the weight of War.

There are exceptions to these cavils. The letter that Gingold—who is the sole survivor—writes to his army psychiatrist reclaims part of the events from total incomprehension. Gingold himself, and also Riglioni, can come to life. And there are flashes of compassion and scenes of grim, almost surrealistic humor that actually force the facts of murder or humiliation to yield their human content. On the whole, however, one feels that the restraint which Mandel practices, sometimes with great verbal tact and sometimes with force, is really the product of constraint in his fictional imagination. He has written better.

EXILED BY THE TIARA HILTON: There is always something a trifle melancholy in the spectacle of a skilled popular novelist diluting much first-rate material to produce what is essentially a superficial, second-rate work, and in his latest novel, **"Fia Fia"** (World, $4.95), that is precisely what James Ramsey Ullman has done. Mr. Ullman's talents are substantial. He has a very real gift for describing exotic places, and for bringing to life the primitive men and women who live there. In "Fia Fia" he has created with zest and color a fictional island in the South Pacific called "Tiara," and he has populated it with a vivid and alluring set of natives. In addition, he has wisely chosen to begin his story at the very moment when Tiara's gentle and appealing way of life is threatened by the advent of an advance party of Americans who are going to build a "Hilton-type" hotel on the island's lagoon.

Unhappily—as the author appears to understand all too well—readers of popular fiction are supposed to prefer novels in which there is a virile American hero, and a lovely but troubled American heroine, and so Mr. Ullman has dutifully provided a pair of these stock figures, in case the real drama of the islanders should prove tedious. The results are predictable. Those sections dealing with the synthetic psychological difficulties of either Mitchell Carr, American Engineer, or of Carol Loftus, Registered Nurse, are static and dull; those portions concerning the Polynesians, especially their magnificent night of festival and feasting and their later migration to another island, are vastly exciting and alive. The novel, indeed, presents the anomaly of a writer who has little to say about his own countrymen and a great deal to say about the inhabitants of a far-off land.

—WILLIAM WISE.

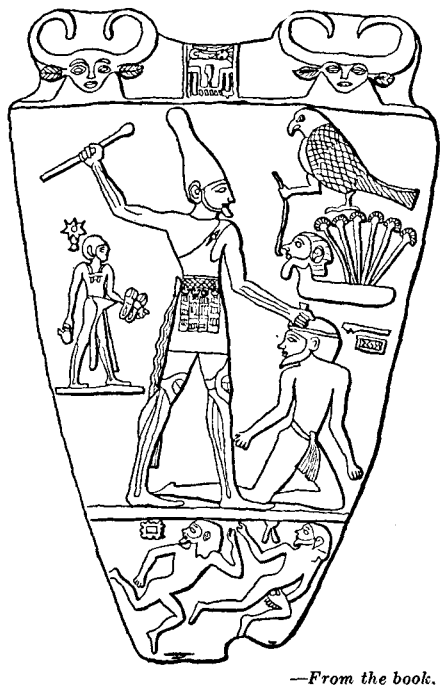
DIVERS CULTURES

The Spoor of Eastern Spirits

"The Masks of God: Oriental Mythology," by Joseph Campbell *(Viking. 516 pp. $7.50), departs from the author's former acceptance of the "collective unconscious" and makes a case for the diffusion of mythological themes. Allan W. Watts wrote "The Way of Zen."*

By ALLAN W. WATTS

THE WORK of Joseph Campbell has long been hiding under the name of his former mentor and teacher, the great German orientalist Heinrich Zimmer, whose many posthumous volumes—including "Philosophies of India"—have been reconstructed by Mr. Campbell from fragments and notes. With this labor of love completed, Mr. Campbell is now coming out on his own with a series of titles comprising the results of many years' devotion to the study of mythology. The appearance of a *magnum opus* on this scale is much to the credit of a commercial publisher, though it must be said that Mr. Campbell is one of the (sadly) few scholars who combine vast learning with a literary style that is highly readable and often vigorously poetic.



—*From the book.*

Nasmer Pallette (obverse): Egypt, Circa 2850 B.C.

The special merit of this book is that it is the first time that anyone has put the rich complexities of Asian mythology into a clear historical perspective. The author has made admirable use of recent archeological research to show, for example, the indebtedness of Indian culture to both Sumeria and Rome, and to clarify the tangled contributions to Hinduism from both the Indus Valley civilization (*c.* 2000 B.C.) and the Aryan invaders who arrived from the North after 1500 B.C. By such means he has amassed some impressive evidence for the theory that mythological themes common to different cultures may be explained less by a "collective unconscious" (Jung) and more by physical and historical transmission. This is something of a departure from the philosophy of myth expounded in Campbell's "Hero with a Thousand Faces" (1949) with its distinctly Jungian bias, and his piecing together of the evidence for historical connections is a most fascinating study.

The present volume is, then, chiefly concerned with the Eastward flow of certain mythological themes from the ancient "watershed" of Sumeria and Egypt, anticipating a description of the Westward flow in volume three. The central theme considered is that of "the One who became Two (or Many)." Going East, the theme became the idea that the universe is the voluntary self-dismemberment of the Godhead, implying that the self in all creatures is not the separate ego or soul but the one and original Self (*atman*) of the cosmos. Going West, it became the idea that what is split into multiplicity is not so much God himself as the created universe. Mr. Campbell contrasts the (Indian) Upanishadic myth of the divine Self dividing *itself* into male and female with the Genesis myth of God separating the creature, man, into Adam and Eve so as to generate beings who are not masks of God but actually independent selves.

The Eastern version of the theme implies that the good and the evil, the saint and the sinner, are not ultimately serious distinctions but necessary polarities in the drama that God is *playing*. Mr. Campbell explores to the full both the divine and the diabolical implications of this view, culminating in a horrendous account of the torture of

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Tibetan lamas by Chinese Communists. Are these Communists, he asks, regarded by the lamas as no more than embodiments of those hellish aspects of the divine described in "The Tibetan Book of the Dead"? If so, is the knowledge that sadistic Chinese agents are mere aspects of the Universal Consciousness a wisdom adequate to the occasion? Mr. Campbell does not answer. "With this sobering, terrible vision of the whole thing come true, the materialization of mythology in life, I shall close—in silence." But perhaps an

answer is implied. Not only is this whole series of books called "The Masks of God," but there are also numerous allusions to the author's personal philosophy that fear of the universe, in whatever form, is the one ultimate folly.

Condensed from an original manuscript twice its present length, there are some inevitable gaps in this presentation. Although Mr. Campbell covers the principal mythological motifs of Sumeria and India, China and Japan, one might have expected a study of Asian mythology and its symbolism to offer more discussion of the bewilderingly rich iconography of gods, buddhas, bodhisattvas, angels, heroes, and monsters to assist the reader in interpreting Hindu and Buddhist art. The fabulous imagery of Tibetan mythology has little or no place, nor has the marvelous symbolism of kundalini-Yoga, where the human body is seen as a miniature cosmos. There is, too, a certain lack of balance in that the sections on the Far East are less comprehensive than those on India. However, the materials are so vast that it would probably be impossible to present them, even halfway adequately, in 500 pages without making the book read like a catalogue.

These matters are, of course, treated by other authors, and what Mr. Campbell is offering here is not so much a mythological encyclopedia as a thoroughly documented discussion of the development of myth and of its function in human cultures. It is a bold, imaginative, deeply stimulating work.

Lyricism of the Stone Age

"Primitive Song," by C. M. Bowra *(World. 286 pp. $6.50), examines the poetry of surviving paleolithic peoples in an effort to reconstruct the literature of prehistoric man. John Greenway, assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Colorado, is the author of "Literature Among the Primitives," to be published next autumn.*

By JOHN GREENWAY

THE TWO enduring creations of man, a great teacher once said, are poetry and pottery—poetry as the quintessence of the immaterial, pottery as the quintessence of the material; but to judge from the writings of the professional students of man, it has been all pottery. Pottery is function-bound to the purpose of holding liquids, just as a chair is function-bound to the purpose of holding the body in a sitting posture. One can proliferate handles on one and legs on the other, and paint both with designs drawn from all of nature; but their primary utility limits their developmental possibilities. Nevertheless, chair and pot and thousands of other artifacts are assiduously studied by anthropologists, while literature is left to the esthetes—literature, which has no real function except to communicate the immaterial culture of its makers: attitudes, ideas, emotions, prejudices, cosmologies, vices, virtues, and, art.

Thus the first comprehensive analysis of primitive song (as its publisher describes it) is by an esthete, though one of almost supernal prestige and authority. Sir Maurice Bowra was professor of poetry at Oxford until he became vice-chancellor in 1951, and his distinguished books form an interpretive history of poetry, which he now ends at the beginning: poetry before civilization. Since archeology gives only the most ambiguous hints at how things were in the time of the troglodytes, Sir Maurice logically infers the evolution of poetry from its manifestation among the last of the world's paleolithic peoples: the pygmoid Gabon, the Ituri, Dama, and Bushmen of Africa; the Semang, Veddas, and Andamanese of Malaysia; the aborigines of Australia and Tasmania; and, in the New World, the Eskimo of the farthest North and the Ona and Yahgan of the farthest South.

But logic, which has nothing to do

—*From the book.*

Cave paintings of the late Stone Age at Alpera, Spain.

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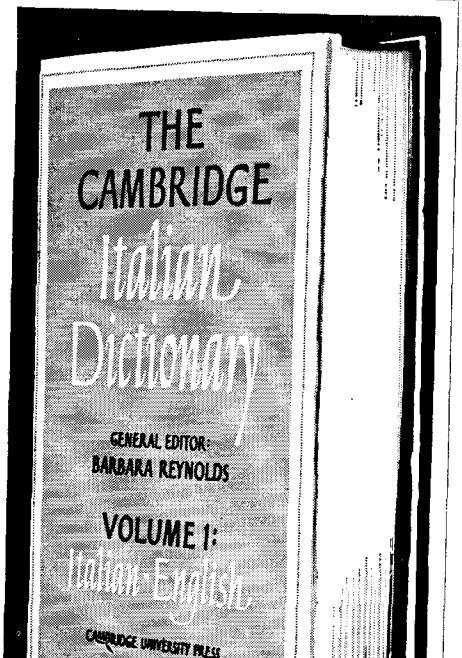
with human behavior, leads him into four fundamental errors: that simplicity in one aspect of culture means a simplicity in all; that a common economy makes people identical; that cultural evolution proceeded in the same way everywhere; that there is an esthetic unity of mankind. He admits that he is not an anthropologist, but the least one can expect of a pioneer is that he equip himself with such knowledge of the terrain as earlier explorers have provided. Sir Maurice, however, crashes into this dark continent with only forty-six bibliographic references, mostly in unreliable translations, in spite of the example of a more famous academic knight, Sir James George Frazer, who made almost fatal mistakes with a background of a thousand times as many sources. It's bad enough to draw conclusions on the songs of some 570 Australian tribes by examining two religious cycles of one group; but it is worse to equate the literature of peoples who have little more in common than membership in the human race. Almost as serious is Bowra's failure to consider the music of the songs: he seems unaware of the availability of several hundred phonograph records, part of the *studium ex machina* created in the last decade by the portable tape recorder.

However, in the arts, appreciation must precede analysis, and Sir Maurice more than compensates for his analytic weaknesses by his profound appreciation. If he achieves with this book an awareness of the art now hidden in primitive song, the opportunity to correct his ethnological errors will be given to some lesser person now sitting among shards in some anthropological Academy of Lagado, biting the glass and listening for the flavor.



The first full-scale comprehensive dictionary of the Italian and English languages: vocabulary, usage and idiom. Thoroughly up-to-date, including a wealth of technical terms for the scientist, artist, businessman and literary specialist. Volume I, Italian-English, is now available. $25.00 *Cambridge University Press*
32 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

The Present's Invisible Spine

"Beyond the Tragic Vision: The Quest for Identity in the Nineteenth Century," by Morse Peckham *(Braziller. 372 pp. $7.50), sees four stages in our forebears' effort to find a basis for selfhood. The English critic Oliver Warner is the author of standard studies of Frederick Marryat, Lord Nelson, and the British marine painters.*

By OLIVER WARNER

MUCH nonsense is spoken and written round the word "culture," but Samuel Johnson, in his great eighteenth-century dictionary, drove straight to the heart of it. Culture, he says, is tillage, and his first example is from the Book of Esdras. "Give us feed unto our heart, and culture to our understanding, that there may come fruit of it."

Morse Peckham, in an able examination of what may fairly be described as the essential outlook of the paramount figures of the nineteenth century, not only in literature but in music, painting, philosophy, and science, discovers a tragic vision to be not merely predominant but prevailing, and it is that fact which he would first have us "feed unto our heart." The matter was seldom better stated than by Matthew Arnold in "Dover Beach," where he spoke of

> . . . the world, which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help from pain.

Arnold does not make a big show in Professor Peckham's pages, but his most characteristic poetry illustrates the theme.

The central nerve of the problem lies close to the question of selfhood or identity, together with the allied problem of the value, in absolute terms, of human existence. Coleridge's "O lady, we receive but what we give, And only in ourselves doth nature live. . . ." was more than an aside: it was an insight into an entire structure of thought. The author sees four stages in our forebears' effort to find a basis for human identity, since it could no longer be sought in the objective world: the period of analogy from man to nature, Romanticism; the period of Transcendentalism; the period sometimes called Realism or Naturalism; and the period of estheticism, at the end of which Nietzsche asserted that human identity exists, but has no grounds in nature or in the divine.

Having taken such a theme, complex and ramified as it is, and given it, moreover, patent enthusiasm, Professor Peckham could scarcely have failed to write an absorbing book, one that would need another to do it proper justice. Having said that, in sincere salute, it must be added that the author can usually be relied upon for the

crisp word—though is summation really an improvement on summary?—and again and again the reader is grateful for straight cuts through difficult thickets. Furthermore, while his detail is often arguable to say the least, as it is bound to be with such a range of subject, this is a humane, warm-blooded book with the widest references. It deserves to be read with respect, in the musical sphere not least.

Final virtue: Professor Peckham is the reverse of dogmatic. "The instrument I have presented here," he says, "was not made to be believed; it was made to be used—to be used and to be tested." That is surely the spirit in which to approach a past which is so much a part of the invisible structure of the present that there is not a writer, a philosopher or, perhaps, a scientist who is not affected by it in every serious matter he contemplates.

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Personal History

Continued from page 33

exhibited a pronounced tendency toward overweening pride and self-righteous fury for those who wound it. With restraint and a kind of critical sympathy, Smith presents a figure of great potential and considerable accomplishment but, in the best tradition of Greek tragedy, fatally flawed.

Smith notes Morse's enormous faith in the powers of oratory and plausibly relates this to Morse's relations with his parents. The events leading up to Morse's repudiation of Eisenhower in 1952, and the subsequent drama surrounding Morse's committee assignments in the Senate are described in detail. The author provides convincing insight into why Morse undertook his tragic-comic quest for the 1960 Democratic Presidential nomination. He reviews the unhappy record of the split between Morse and his one-time protégé, the late Senator Neuberger. Finally, Smith examines Morse's behavior in 1961, when for the first time Morse served a President of his own party. In this year there seemed to be more service to the art of the possible than the Oregon Senator had ever before given. Smith is mildly hopeful that an affirmative answer may yet be given to the question he propounds on the last page: "Can he continue to feed the tiger without ending up inside, wholly consumed by the self?"

One supposes that no one as sensitive to public criticism as Morse can accept in good grace such a balanced, incisive account of himself as this book provides. But those who are not ego-involved with the subject can be grateful for one of the finest studies of a public man in many a year.

A Municipal Mind

"Neville Chamberlain," by Iain Macleod *(Atheneum. 305 pp. $5.75), depicts the former British Prime Minister as a sensitive man, both human and humane. The latest book by the philosopher Salvador de Madariaga is "Latin America: Between the Eagle and the Bear."*

By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

I ONCE asked Lord Cecil in Geneva how he liked Herriot. "These municipal minds," he answered with a touch of disdain, "won't do for world affairs." I was, therefore, less than surprised to find Neville Chamberlain writing to his sister Ida: "Herriot adores me." For Neville Chamberlain was essentially a municipal mind. Let this by no means sound contemptuous, not even in the sense in which Lord Cecil would have meant it. The minds of this sort, one of which Chamberlain was, are the bricks and mortar of the political edifice, and without them there can be no such edifice. Nor does it mean that they need be limited or dull. They may be, in fact, lovable men, fond of the arts, sensitive, human and humane, as Mr. Macleod admirably depicts his subject to have been. Furthermore, Neville Chamberlain seems to have been endowed with a fund of political and general commonsense surpassing by far that available to Herriot. He was also much more inhibited, hemmed in by his nonconformist upbringing in a way Herriot never knew, and just as upright, honorable, and straight in his dealings with men and nations. For this portrait of a man whose sterling qualities came later to be obscured by the tragedy of Munich, historians stand indebted to Mr. Macleod.

"Administration always interested

(*continued on page 40*)

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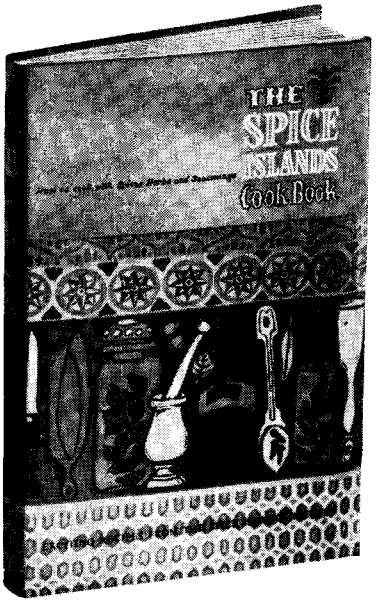

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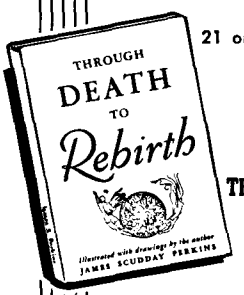

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20TH ANNUAL
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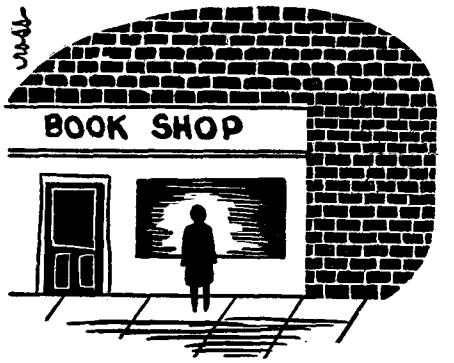
him far more than the mere game of politics," Mr. Macleod writes in a phrase that might do for the definition of a "municipal mind." But in the case of Neville Chamberlain there was also in this attachment to the life of his native Birmingham a definite clan feeling, which finds a frequent and forcible expression at every turn of his life, notably on his becoming Prime Minister and on the occasion of his declining the Garter.



It was important to underscore this clannish and municipal side to Neville Chamberlain, for it is a prominent aspect of his life not only as a creative public man but as a sociological phenomenon. It is mostly to these "municipal," public-spirited, straight, honest, hard-working families that England owes her outstanding place in the world of nations. This biography illustrates the point time and again.

But, of course, for History with a capital H, the chief chapter in Neville Chamberlain's life was that which bears this eloquent title: MUNICH. And here again Mr. Macleod has lucidly put his case, which on the whole is a plea for the defense—an objective plea, however, and one that sounds convincing, though not with an equal force at all stages. Put in a nutshell, Mr. Macleod's case for Chamberlain comprises the following propositions:

1. That he did his best to strengthen the League of Nations by applying effective (*i.e.*, oil) sanctions to Mussolini but was thwarted by France and by dissension at home.

2. That he saw that the Covenant, far from leading to disarmament, implied rearmament for every nation loyal to it. This is Mr. Macleod's strongest point, and the one on which Chamberlain comes out best.

3. That he often spoke and wrote in such a way as to prove that he saw through the Nazis. This is perhaps the weakest point in the defense. It is hard not to see in some of Chamberlain's utterances and, worse still, his dealings with Hitler, and also with Mussolini, traces of that incurable belief in the good faith of dictators which is to this day the bane of British and American policy. How contemporary these words of Mr. Macleod read: "We know from the Nüremberg trial documents that Hitler was insatiable, war inevitable, and appeasement therefore a forlorn hope. But since those who pursued appeasement lacked the benefit of hindsight, it was neither a foolish nor an ignoble hope." Lack of hindsight is no reproach to level against a statesman. But lack of foresight is. Now as much as then, Mr. Macleod's phrase, with Khrushchev substituted for Hitler and *cold* added before *war*, applies to the letter—and not only to his government.

4. That in view of Britain's lack of preparedness, Chamberlain had no choice but to negotiate. This is arguable, as Mr. Macleod admits; but I incline now and inclined then to think that Chamberlain was on the whole right in so far as he negotiated in order to gain time, though wrong in so far as he expected to win his adversary over by concessions. And since, in any case, he had to yield to such unscrupulous pressure, the matter of timing became somewhat thin. Here again the situation dangerously resembles that of the present-day negotiations over Berlin.

I may add that the whole edifice could have been strengthened by a more elaborate analysis of the conflict between Japan and the League, the true source, in my opinion, of all our troubles. When the League was let down over Manchuria, mostly by Sir John Simon and Henry L. Stimson, or rather by a set of circumstances that they happened to incarnate, the world was doomed to our disasters, and Mr. Chamberlain predestined to try to placate Hitler and therefore to fail.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 983

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 983 will be found in the next issue.

AGO BZE CGI ZHBNAY GO NY CSIEL NY CNYO; AGO BZE CGI LNTOY NE CGOE GO NY SNLGA NY BZSSNOH.

IGNI ANBOY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 982

Some of the greatest love affairs I've known have involved one actor —unassisted.

—WILSON MIZNER.

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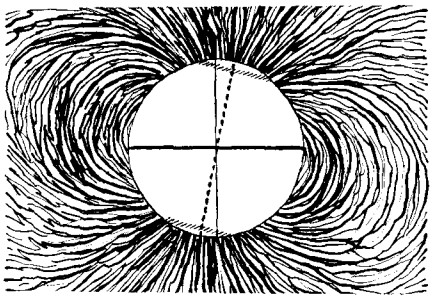

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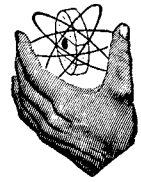

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • The Research Frontier • Personality Portrait LXXV • Science in Books • Letters

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

DOES ANYONE HAVE SQUATTER'S RIGHTS IN THE SKY?

THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION has announced that sometime during the summer of 1962 a hydrogen bomb of American make and of megaton size will be exploded in the neighborhood of 500 miles above Johnston Island in the Pacific Ocean.

The particular purpose of the explosion has not been confided to the people of the United States by any of the men who represent them in Washington, D.C.

British Prime Minister Harold MacMillan has made a formal explanation to the people of Great Britain through the House of Commons. It is not a complete explanation, but it acknowledges a responsibility to inform.

According to the Prime Minister, the Johnston Island bomb is intended to test the communications network on which the western alliance will depend in event of war. This network consists of radio and radar broadcasting and receiving apparatus operating at many different frequencies over a broad band of the electromagnetic spectrum. By coupling awareness of it with pieces of unclassified information, it is possible to glean a general understanding of what will happen after the 500-mile-high bomb goes off.

The key to the situation is to be found in the new edition of the AEC's handbook, "The Effects of Nuclear Weapons," the first revision in five years. Chapter Ten is headed, "Radio and Radar Effects," and begins as follows: "A nuclear explosion is accompanied by two principal types of electromagnetic effects. These are entirely different from each other in nature, but both involve the whole spectral region of wave lengths longer than infrared, i.e., from about one millimeter on up to very large values. One [of the two effects] involves the actual emission of an electromagnetic pulse of short duration from the explosion itself (or from the disturbed region of its vicinity), whereas the other, through alterations to the electrical properties of the atmosphere, can result in serious disturbance of electromagnetic waves, such as are used in communications and for radar, passing in the vicinity of the nuclear detonation."

The electromagnetic pulse from nuclear bombs is associated with asymmetry in distribution of the electric charge surrounding the explosion point; this asymmetry is accentuated by proximity of the explosion point to the earth, and consequent flattening of the bomb burst on its underside; hence it can be dismissed as a major element in an explosion at 500 miles altitude. The second way that electromagnetic signals can be generated by nuclear bombs is called "the field displacement mechanism," and this, Chapter Ten of the AEC weapons handbook says, "is considered to be of particular significance for extremely-high-altitude bursts."

The displacement mechanism begins with vaporization of the bomb immediately after the detonation. The vapor moves out in all directions from the explosion center, forming a ball which expands at very high speed. This gas ball is ionized, or electrified, which is to say it is made up of plasma, the so-called "fourth state" of matter. And, as the AEC handbook notes, "a property possessed by all plasmas is a tendency to exclude a magnetic field."

Since the bomb goes off in the midst of the earth's magnetic field, how is it possible for that field to be excluded from the plasma ball created by the bomb?

The lines of the field must stretch to accommodate the violently expanding ball. "The expanding plasma of weapon residues," the handbook explains, "thus causes a violent distortion of the earth's magnetic field. As a result of the interaction between the geomagnetic field and the charged particles in the expanding plasma and in the very tenuous, largely ionized, surrounding gases, this disturbance propagates away from the burst region as a 'hydromagnetic wave.'"

The hydromagnetic wave is a new concept in science. Very little is known about it yet. So let us keep it in the back of our minds as we try to learn more about that still-expanding ball of plasma from the AEC handbook, Chapter Ten, subsection headed "Detonations Above Seventy Miles Altitude." "Immediately after the explosion," this subsection says, "the weapon debris travels radially outward from the burst point at high velocity, most of the material consisting of . . . ions and free electrons because of the very high temperature. At the lower altitudes, the radial motion is quickly stopped by the surrounding atmosphere and the ions and electrons soon recombine to form neutral atoms. But at the extreme altitudes under consideration, the air density is too low, i.e., collisions between debris and ambient air atoms are too infrequent, to cause any appreciable deceleration of the outward motion of the radioactive particles. However, since the material consists of free ions and electrons, i.e., plasma, *the earth's magnetic field plays a significant part in stopping the radial expansion.*"

The italics are mine. Let us keep them in mind along with the still-mysterious hydromagnetic wave as we proceed in our search for understanding of the cataclysm that is to be loosed above Johnston Island.

After reiterating its earlier statement that "when the weapon debris

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expands it will cause the earth's field lines to be 'stretched' in such a way that they will remain outside the conducting volume [i.e., the ball of plasma]," the AEC handbook goes on: "This stretching of the lines of force requires that work be done on the field by the expanding debris." The energy that goes into this work slowly weakens the plasma's outward drive. Meanwhile, the containing energy of the magnetic field holds constant. And, the AEC handbook says, the expansion of the plasma ball "stops when the [gradually falling] pressure [of the plasma] has decreased to such a point that it is equal to the magnetic pressure." At what point is the stoppage likely to occur? "For a one-megaton *fission* explosion," the AEC handbook says, "it is estimated that this would occur at a radius of 600 miles."

Again the italics are mine. The Johnston Island bomb is not a *fission* but a *fusion* bomb. One wonders whether there may be undisclosed differences between the two that bear on the ultimate dimensions of the ball of plasma. On general principles, it seems reasonable to assume that the effects of a *fusion* bomb would tend to be greater rather than less than the effects of a *fission* bomb. For purposes of exploration, then, the 600-mile radius will be accepted.

Now the planned point of explosion above Johnston Island is approximately 500 miles. Therefore, the expansion of the plasma ball will sweep the surface of the earth—theoretically. Actually, the pressure of the earth's atmosphere will push back on the plasma and hold the bottom of the ball away from the surface. However, since 90 per cent of the density of the atmosphere lies within twenty miles of the planet, the plasma expansion will continue at least to that level and almost certainly lower. Eighteen miles up might be a good guess at the stopping point.

The entire spherical shell of the ionosphere lies above that point. Indeed, the altitude of the ionosphere is usually placed between 55 and 250 miles. And it is on this thick but tenuous shell of electrons that most earthly communications depend—not only the radiotelephone and radiotelegraph, important as they are, but guidance of airplanes through bad weather and direction of ships across the seas.

Obviously, the ionosphere will be reduced to shreds all over the Pacific basin. Normal communications will be deranged there for at least a period of hours, perhaps for days. The disturbance will be by far the worst of its kind that the area has ever experienced. Because of the hydromagnetic wave effect, it is calculated that most if not all radio and radar signals will be blacked out everywhere on the globe for at least twenty minutes. Thousands of minor tragedies would seem an inevitable consequence, and who knows what major disasters?

So much for the immediate effects of the Johnston Island bomb on the underside of the bomb. What can be expected in the other directions from the bomb? A cavity will be opened in the earth's magnetic field, and it will reach from eighteen miles above the earth to 1,100 miles in space. The transverse dimension of the cavity will be even longer—a total of 1,200 miles. Because the force lines of the planet's magnetic field loop out from the earth in steadily increasing arcs, and because those lines are stretching under the explosive force of the bomb while at the same time trying to hold the expanding plasma ball within them, what happens next will depend on the containing power of the earth's magnetism in relation to the power of the bomb.

Some calculations regarding this problem have been published in *The New Scientist* of London by the imaginative British astronomer, Professor Fred Hoyle. His figures, arrived at through use of an equation accepted by students of such matters (see box on this page for the details), show that the total magnetic force over the effective area of the explosion falls to a point which he considered embarassingly close to the expansive force of the bomb. "It therefore seems possible, and even likely," he wrote, "that the earth's field will indeed be breached. . . . The possibility exists that the bomb can send a jet of material carrying a loop of the geomagnetic field entirely out into interplanetary space." (See sketch on opposite page).

As he pointed out, such a happening would be analogous to a storm on the sun. During solar storms, the sun spits huge blobs of plasma toward the earth and sometimes far beyond the earth. One hypothesis says that if the fiery spittle goes far enough out into space. it freezes and turns into comets.

The man-made earth storm feared by Professor Hoyle would be small in comparison to solar storms. But it would be brewed in the heart of the innermost of the two belts of radiation which Dr. James Van Allen of Iowa discovered to be hanging about the planet like doughnuts, with the holes suspended over the poles.

Johnston Island is seventeen degrees north of the geographical equator. But the magnetic equator is eleven degrees closer to the island, and it is from the magnetic equator that the lines of earth's magnetic field loop into space (see sketch, page 41). The Van Allen belts therefore hang askew on the globe, wobbling back and forth with rotation of the planet. The lower edge of the inner belt falls within 240 miles of the eastern coast of South America, and rises to 780 miles above the East Indies. A bomb 300 miles above Johnston Island should strike close to the belt's midpoint. If the lines of magnetic force which contain this belt were to be broken, all the particles in the belt would stream out into space.

EVEN if the restraining energy of the magnetic field is great enough to contain the expanding ball of plasma generated by the bomb, Professor Hoyle predicted that "the projected explosion will produce the greatest geomagnetic disturbances ever to be recorded—perhaps the greatest disturbance to have taken place over many millions of years."

If the magnetic field lines manage to contain the plasma throughout its expansive phase, Professor Hoyle concluded, the ball gradually will be squeezed into a shape of an oval, with the long axis of the oval parallel to the normal direction of the lines. A convulsive process will ensue, squirting some of the contents of the ball along the magnetic lines and cascading them into the atmosphere. The inner Van Allen belt thus will be emptied of its particles almost as effectively as though the magnetic lines were to snap and spurt the plasma into space.

In its own fashion, the AEC handbook confirms Professor Hoyle's description of the probabilities, even to the point of conceding "somewhat uncertain" knowledge of the effects of the plasma on the magnetic field and vice versa. This confirmation comes through general statement of physical laws and conditions rather than through any direct application to Johnston Island. Indeed, direct references to the Johnston

The Equation

THE mathematical equation used by Professor Fred Hoyle and referred to in the accompanying text is

$$\frac{VH^2}{8\pi} = E$$

V is the volume of the bomb cavity, H the magnetic intensity over the explosion area, and E the energy released by the blast. π is, of course, the familiar pi of the schoolbooks: 3.14159.

E is measured in ergs, and the equation shows a total magnetic energy of 6×10^{22} ergs for the appropriate effective area of the Johnston Island explosion (10 million square kilometers) compared to 5×10^{22} ergs of energy in the proposed bomb.

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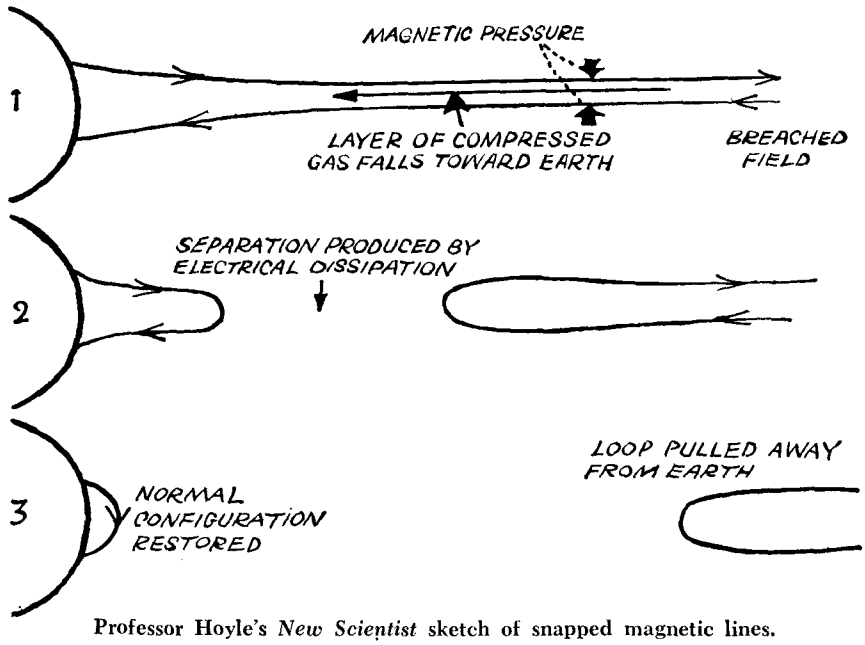
Island experiment do not exist in the scientific literature. The Johnston Island situation must be deduced from what men like Dr. Van Allen have written in other contexts. By making such deductions it can be seen that the argument in favor of the Johnston Island experiment would run as follows: (1) we think the Van Allen belt particles come directly or indirectly from the sun; (2) we know that quantities of the particles are swept down into earth's atmosphere by solar storms; (3) the mechanism governing movement of the particles grows more complex the more we learn about it; (4) at the present time we cannot measure incoming solar radiation accurately in all of its many dimensions; (5) we do know, however, the amount of radiation released by a nuclear bomb of given size; and (6) by exploding a bomb we can watch the effects of a hand-tailored miniature solar storm and learn more in a few weeks than we might otherwise learn in years.

Fear of radioactive fallout from the Johnston Island bomb is negligible to non-existent. Some concern has been expressed about possible effects on the weather, but too little is known about the coupling of the upper and lower atmospheres to document such doubts persuasively. The main point that scientists are debating is whether a sweep-out of the Van Allen belts would be conducive to or destructive of present and future scientific exploration of space. The argument swings on a single question: How long would it take for the belts to be replenished? The original data on the behavior of the belts suggests a re-fill time measured in years, decades or even centuries. On the strength of more recent discoveries, Dr. Thomas Gold, one of the authors of the "steady state" theory of creation, predicts that the supply of particles in the belts would be back to normal within a couple of weeks after the explosion.

Absence of open discussion has provoked a festering.

THESE proposals to make nuclear explosions in space arise from a small group of military scientists, unknown and unidentified to the world at large, who have persuaded their masters to make a series of large gambles under the guise of defense necessity," Sir Bernard Lovell, head of the Jodrell Bank Radio Astronomy Station in England and a pioneer in extraterrestrial space exploration, has written in the London *Observer*. It would be comforting to be able to refute his statement, especially after President Eisenhower's farewell warning to the American people not to allow military thinking and military contracting practices to take over the country. Unfortunately, no source of contradiction is at hand. The first fragmentary public comment on the Johnston Island bomb, after the terse AEC announcement of the pending explosion, came from Dr. Harold Brown, director of research and engineering at the Pentagon. He told TV viewers of "Meet the press" that the bomb would be lifted into place by a Thor intermediate-range ballistic missile—probably the least significant fact about the whole affair. Who is responsible for the experiment? No one in authority has said. President Kennedy, in response to a press conference question from Miss Lillian Levy of *Science Service*, referred to only one scientist—Dr. Van Allen—and phrased that reference in such a way as to suggest that Dr. Van Allen should be allowed to decide what could be done without affecting the Van Allen radiation belt. The President's vividly memorable words about the Van Allen belt were: "It's his."



Professor Hoyle's *New Scientist* sketch of snapped magnetic lines.

Normally, the focal point for American space research is the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences. However, the board chairman, Dr. Lloyd Berkner, has asked not to be quoted as an authority in connection with the Johnston Island bomb. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration usually issues compendious advance summaries of space exploits, with names of people involved, description of scientific objectives, and even hints of what laymen might look for in the sky. NASA has issued no data about the Johnston Island bomb, although *Science Service* has advised its readers that "NASA Administrator James E. Webb is known to have expressed concern that the fallout from such an explosion might be harmful to the astronaut." When queried individually, scientists competent in space exploration have expressed confidence in "those who have charge of the project" but are unable to identify the "those." It is widely assumed in the scientific community that open opportunity exists for observation of the results of the explosion. Yet Dr. Marcel Nicolet of Belgium, who was executive secretary of the committee that coordinated all the world-wide research efforts of the International Geophysical Year and is acknowledged to be the top authority on the upper atmosphere, has told me he will attempt no experiments associated with the Johnston Island bomb because "not all the critical data that would be required are unclassified." The truth seems to be that whatever observations are made will be made either under military contract, or by after-the-fact examination of continuous records of existing networks of vertical radio sounders and magnetic observatories, or by plotting actual derangement of operating radio and radar systems as the explosion makes itself felt, or by accident of timing in the passage of earth satellites now orbiting.

This is hardly what the interested lay citizen has in mind when he hears scientists talking about the inviolable nature of freedom of knowledge and the inevitable international quality of scientific inquiry. But even this contradiction, fundamental though it is, is not the most profoundly troubling issue raised by the prospective bomb over Johnston Island. The bedrock convulsion involves our very integrity as a democratic people.

Our government has officially and repeatedly reproved the Soviets for their phobias regarding secrecy and for their frustrating habit of saying one thing while doing another. What has been our

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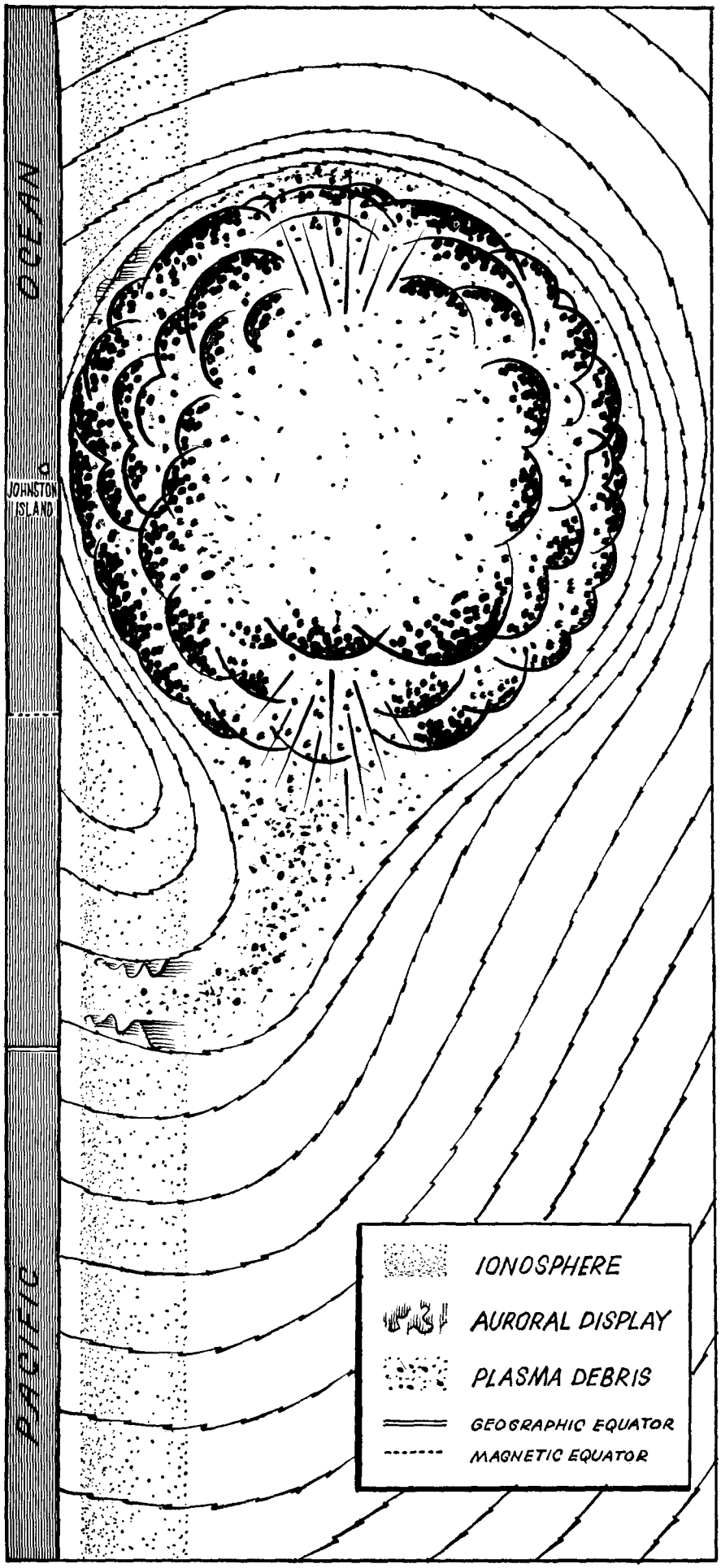

≺ The Johnston Island bomb as it might ≺ appear to an observer in space.

own behavior in the case of the Johnston Island bomb?

We began by dedicating ourselves to the ideal of peaceful exploration of extra-terrestrial space.

Then, early in the morning of the twenty-seventh day of August, 1958, we exploded the first nuclear bomb ever exploded by anyone in space. The detonation occurred 300 miles above the South Atlantic Ocean not far from Tristan da Cunha. Two similar bombs followed in quick succession. These were only kiloton weapons—1,000 times less powerful than the Johnston Island bomb—but they generated aurorae as bright as a full moon. They also loosed myriads of free electrons above the earth and so enveloped the planet completely in spherical shells of electricity sixty miles thick. The shells remained in place for many days.

No advance notice was given of plans to explode those bombs. Indeed, no report appeared for half a year. Finally, the silence was broken by the *New York Times*, over the protests of the Pentagon. The news aroused the suspicion, among a number of our neighbors on the planet, that we might not mean what we said about our peaceable intentions.

To counteract the unfavorable impression created by the secrecy of that experiment, we publicized our next invasion of space in advance by describing how we would create an artificial ionosphere of small copper needles in the sky. Radioastronomers everywhere—Americans included—bluntly objected to the needles, saying the hairlike copper would unnecessarily clutter the sky for those already preoccupied with the twinkling of the atmosphere. The astronomers carried their protest to a meeting of the International Astronomical Union in Berkeley, California, last August. The IAU unanimously adopted a resolution maintaining that "no group has the right to change the earth's environment in any significant way without full international study and agreement" and appealing "to all governments concerned with launching space experiments which could possibly affect astronomical research to consult with the IAU before undertaking such experiments and to refrain from launching until it is established beyond doubt that no danger will be done to astronomical research." This resolution was backed up by another which insisted that reasonable guarantees of the effects of space experiments be given "in published scientific papers with adequate time being allowed for their study," and that results of the ex-

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periments be open to examination by qualified scientists.

There being every indication in Washington that the copper needles would be shot into the sky regardless of the astronomers' protests, the IAU took its two resolutions to the top deliberative body of world science—the International Council of Scientific Unions—in Paris last September. The United States government was officially represented at that meeting by a delegation from the National Academy of Sciences.

WHEN it became clear that delegates from other countries favored action by ICSU, the official American delegation drafted a resolution that would cover considerably more ground than the one experiment with the needles. In this way, ICSU's admonishing finger could be moved away from the face of the United States and be made to swing around the circle of nations, assigning equal responsibility to all.

ICSU adopted the American phrasing:

"The General Assembly

considering that certain experiments conducted by means of space vehicles and contributing in an important way to the advancement of science, may also affect present or future scientific activities in other fields

invites the Committee on Space Researeh to examine any proposed experiments or other space activities that may have potentially undesirable effects on scientific activities and observations, to arrange for careful, objective quantitative studies, and to make available to Scientific and National Members adhering to the International Council of Scientific Unions, and to Governments, the facts and analyses needed by them for making wise and proper decisions concerning the proposed experiments; and

appeals to all Governments planning to launch space experiments which could possibly affect other scientific research adversely to make available to ICSU in timely fashion the information and data about the proposed experiments necessary to make the desired studies."

ICSU's Committee on Space Research (COSPAR) agreed to accept this mandate. Its first opportunity to implement the decision came in Washington during the first ten days of May 1962. This meeting was the first COSPAR had held in Washington. On the eve of that meeting, the AEC announced the scheduling of the Johnston Island bomb. COSPAR delegates talked privately about the bomb among themselves and to news reporters. Sir Bernard Lovell, who was present, made his opposition explicit behind the scenes. But no one from the United States came forward "to make available to ICSU in timely fashion the information and data about the proposed experiments" in the manner urged by the American-worded and American-sponsored resolution of last September. On the final day of COSPAR deliberations, COSPAR's newly-chosen president for the year 1962-63, Professor Maurice Roy of the French Academy of Sciences, was authorized to name six men to "a consultative group on potentially harmful effects of space experiments." But Professor Roy went home to France without having been given any data on the Johnston Island bomb or without having heard any American request to hurry the appointments in order to enable this country to honor its obligation.

WHY this abstinence from a responsibility which we had invoked?

I put the question to Dr. Homer Newell, NASA science studies chief, who had written the ICSU resolution of September, 1961. "It's a legitimate question," he said.

I also asked Dr. Joseph Kaplan, the University of California physicist who chaired the United States Committee for the IGY and performed the formalities of accepting COSPAR's new responsibility last September. He replied: "Our failure to adhere to the ICSU resolution is a setback for the United States. We should do what we do in the open, as we did in the IGY."

Another prominent American member of COSPAR's executive council, (who stipulated that he was not to be quoted) disagreed. He said he felt it was proper for this country to withhold the Johnston Island data from COSPAR. COSPAR's discussions are unclassified, he pointed out, and the Johnston Island bomb is a classified experiment. The Russians had performed a similar experiment in their last bomb tests without telling anybody, he declared; we might be better off if we adopted the secrecy tactic, too. Secrecy had paid off in the first space bomb explosions of August, 1958. Open disclosure had caused us trouble with the copper needles [which, it turned out, we didn't understand even well enough to cause them to escape from their launching bundles, and they have been floating around ever since like clumps of crabgrass on a tidy lawn]. Anyhow, we couldn't please some people no matter how much we told them; why give them a chance to pick an argument?

Had the challenge of dissent, equally vital to science and to democracy, become an intolerable nuisance?

I sought another opinion, from an even more eminent scientific personage (who also insisted on anonymity). He told me: "This H-bomb experiment has been very carefully calculated. It's all worked out. There's not the slightest danger to anyone or anything. The complaints are coming from a couple of pinkos."

Was Sir Bernard Lovell a pinko?

"No."

Was Professor Fred Hoyle a pinko?

"No."

THERE wasn't time to hunt pinkos, but I could and did write to President Kennedy's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Professor Jerome B. Wiesner. I know that Professor Wiesner is a very busy man, but I felt the question was important enough to find out his own feelings in the matter. Had he taken steps through the Science Attachés of the State Department or the International Office of the National Science Foundation or the Space Science Board to obtain judgments of qualified scientists abroad on the wisdom of the space bomb experiment? For the first time in my experience with him, Professor Wiesner failed to acknowledge a letter.

Was it possible that the Johnston Island bomb plans had been concocted and cleared at a lower echelon, specifically the Federal Council for Science and Technology? I asked its executive secretary, Dr. Edward Wenk. No, Dr. Wenk said, the question had not been brought to the Council. "It might have been handled on an inter-agency level."

By law, the responsible agency would be the AEC. I asked its chairman, Dr. Glenn Seaborg, if he was in a position to tell me why the AEC had not sought COSPAR's advice before announcing plans for the Johnston Island bomb. Dr. Seaborg answered as follows: "Although valuable scientific information may be obtained from the pending high altitude nuclear test, it is primarily being conducted because of national defense and security requirements. Every reasonable attempt will, of course, be made to maximize the scientific benefits from this test, without interfering with the primary purpose, through advance notice to interested scientists."

I recognized an echo of what President Kennedy had said in reply to a press conference question: "What we are attempting to do is to find out the effects of such an explosion on our security, and we do not believe that this will adversely affect the security of any person not living in the United States."

What it seems to mean is that the United States is dedicated to peaceful use of extraterrestrial space except when military measures are convenient for us.

It seems to mean that we think we have squatter's rights in the sky.

Do we? Does anyone?

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Battelle.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Always in new and strange directions that stretch and strain the mind. The brain's response is of natural concern. How much do we know about the functioning of the living brain? What tools of exploration are at hand? The electroencephalograph (EEG) is a prominent one. But laymen hear more of its repute than of its performance.*

At Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio, research now underway holds promise of dramatic change in the performance. Victor H. Fischer, a Battelle staff engineer who majored in zoology at school, found medical electronics an ideal junction for his two main professional interests. He read up on the state of neurophysiological instrumentation and came across a contradiction in the literature of the EEG.

by VICTOR M. FISCHER
Battelle Memorial Institute

ONE of the few tools available for study of the living brain—and hence for diagnosis of sickness and aberrational behavior traceable to the brain—is the electroencephalograph, which has been nicknamed EEG. As its name suggests, the EEG is an instrument capable of detecting the passage of electrical signals through the brain. Contact between the device and the brain's electrical circuit is established through needles inserted at chosen points in the scalp. Current from the brain signals is picked up by the needles. Then the current is amplified in such a manner as to enable it to be recorded as a penned line of ink on a roll of paper. The pattern of jiggles flowing from the pen can be read as an expression of symptoms of disease or injury to the brain, just as a clinical thermometer can be read as a measure of fever, symptomatic of disturbances in the body.

If the EEG were as easy to scan as a thermometer, and if its readings were as dependable as the degrees on a fever chart, there would be no reason for writing the report which follows. In fact, however, the EEG can be read by none but experts who have undergone a long apprenticeship, and even they cannot translate the meaning of the squiggles they see with sufficient assurance to allow them to use the instrument as anything more than a supplementary means of confirming other diagnostic data.

The limitations have tantalized the finest practitioners of the EEG art. Dr. Frederick Gibbs, of the University of Chicago, for example, writing in the book entitled, "The Brain and Human Behavior," relates that his years of research have impressed upon him a feeling amounting at times almost to certainty that the EEG somehow has within it unrealized potentialities for diagnosis of emotional states. Yet he hastens to say that the evidence actually at hand cannot support his impression, and he pleads for development of a more versatile instrument.

One of the authors of this present paper (Fischer) entered upon an engineering career which followed basic study in zoology. Recently, while on the staff of Battelle Memorial Institute, he found his old interest in life processes resurging and merging with his engineering experience in the new science of medical electronics. A review of the literature disclosed that not much research was being done in America toward the development of new neurophysiological instruments, although a number of experimenters were active in other countries. The growing attention being given to brain studies indicated that it would be worthwhile to try to sharpen the hazy records produced by the EEG.

An examination of the engineering principles involved in the EEG quickly established that limitations had been built into the instrument. These arose in the first instance from theoretical assumptions about the brain. One assumption was that whatever electrical currents flowed through the brain were either wholly present or wholly absent. It was a matter of all or none, on or off. Therefore, the best way to detect the flighty wisps of information flashing back and forth inside the skull was to amplify the signal as much as possible.

For an instrument built on that set of assumptions, the EEG was reasonably workable but not notably efficient. The amplifiers did their job well. But after the data got through them, it was whittled down by the effort that it had to exert to survive. Some of its strength was lost in a filter designed to remove fluctuations of the recording pen which were then thought to be irrelevant. The pen itself had a long needle, which exerted drag on the paper and used up still more power. The squiggles that ultimately came out on the paper never conveyed any brain messages traveling at frequencies above thirty cycles per second.

Yet early literature on the electrical activity of the brain describes several experiments in which brain waves with frequencies of sixty cycles per second and above were detected. One study by H. K. Hartline was particularly persuasive, and will serve here as an instance. It was made with the eye of a horseshoe crab.

By shining a light into the crab's eye, and measuring the electrical current that flowed along the nerve leading from the eye to the crab's brain, Hartline demonstrated that as the light grew in intensity the frequency of the current generated in the nerve rose while the voltage of the current remained constant.

SUCH behavior could not be explained by the all-or-none theory of the brain's electrical functioning. So for purposes of exploration Fischer put aside the old amplitude modulation model of the brain and introduced a new hypothesis: that not only the brain but the spinal cord—the entire central nervous system—is tuned to frequency modulation, precisely analogous to a hi-fi radio.

According to this hypothesis, the eyes have specialized receptors which respond to particular wave lengths of light. One set of receptors is sensitive to the wave length that produces the color blue. When a blue light appears, the blue-light-receptor reacts by sending out a specific pulse signal, say sixty cycles per second, along its attendant nerve fiber. When the signal reaches the end of that fiber, the nerve to which that fiber belongs enters a small switchboard of nerves (see sketch page 49), some of which contain fibers tuned to carry frequencies of sixty cycles per second. The specifically tuned fibers pick up the blue-light message. As the signal continues on its way, the junctions in the nerve network increase in complexity,

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Tuning in on the Living Brain

Everyone before him had assumed that the brain operated like an old-fashioned AM (amplitude modulation) radio set. Fischer concluded that the central nervous system seated in the brain must instead be a hi-fi, or FM (frequency modulation) instrument.

Fischer designed and built a hi-fi model of the EEG to cope with what he believed to be the real code of brain signals. To test his hypothesis, he took the device to the Columbus (Ohio) State Hospital and there enlisted a research teammate: Dr. Paul W. Watkins, an Ohio State University School of Medicine graduate presently on the hospital's psychiatric staff. In his earlier years Dr. Watkins had studied electrical engineering at Baylor University and Texas A and M. Glints of the excitement shared by the two men can be seen in their joint report below, originally published in shorter form in the Battelle Technical Review.

and PAUL D. WATKINS, M.D.
Columbus (Ohio) State Hospital

—Battelle.

but the selective channeling goes on until the appearance of the blue light has been acknowledged and acted upon in the various ways appropriate to the circumstances of the moment.

What happens to the blue-light frequency also happens, of course, to the strawberry-taste frequency, the new-mown-hay-smell frequency, the police-whistle-sound frequency, the burned-finger frequency, and the stepped-on-a-tack frequency.

Anyone who has ever stepped on a tack has experienced the simple spinal reflex. The leg muscles lift the foot and the arm muscles extend the hand to pull out the tack almost instantaneously with the person's recognition of a jabbing sensation in the foot. If our theory of frequency modulation of the central nervous system is correct, the theory adequately explains the reflex just described.

The puncture of the skin by the tack stimulates a somato-receptor, the receptor sends out a pulse signal of a particular frequency, and this frequency travels along its given nerve channel to the posterior horn of the spinal cord. At this horn, the nerve divides into two branches, one branch going up to the brain and the other branch shunting off into the same level of the spinal cord where the incoming signal originated. If the frequency of the message is below an established critical minimum, the signal will be accepted by the channel to the brain and will be considered by the brain along with the many other signals competing for attention there. But if the frequency of the incoming signal is above the established critical minimum, the message will be accepted on an emergency channel that runs from the sensory nerve at the posterior horn of the spinal cord to the motor nerve at the anterior horn of the cord. There a motor nerve tuned to the same frequency orders specific muscles to contract, and the foot jerks up from the surface on which it encountered the tack.

THE frequency-modulation theory of the nervous system could also offer a logical explanation for the presence of acetylcholine at the synapses, or nerve junctions (again see sketch page 49). Like an electrolyte in an electric storage battery, this chemical could be expected to mediate nervous impulses, probably through suppression or inhibition. Such a function can be seen to occur in the phenomenon known as "accommodation." A new pair of spectacles will irritate the bridge of their wearer's nose, for example, but after a while the awareness of pressure fades because the sensation remains constant in intensity.

So much for the hypothesis that emerged from Fischer's study of the EEG and of the scientific literature related to use of the instrument. Now how could the hypothesis be tested?

The Columbus, Ohio, State Hospital had an EEG. Might it possibly be enlisted in the adventure of exploring this new research frontier? Dr. Lowell O. Dillon, superintendent of the hospital, was consulted. He brought in Dr. William P. Addison, assistant commissioner of the division of mental hygiene of the State of Ohio. The division agreed to sign a contract with the Battelle Institute, and a one-channel hyper-frequency electroencephalograph (hereafter referred to as Hyfreeg) was designed, built, and hitched onto the standard eight-channel standard-style (amplitude modulation) EEG at the Columbus State Hospital.

SUBJECTS who might participate in the experiment were next to be chosen. At this point, the second author of this paper (Watkins) became involved.

A hundred patients at the hospital were picked at random during a period of about three months. We recognized at the outset that by limiting ourselves to a hospital population we risked criticism of bias in our results. But our purpose was to test a radical departure from conventional research, and we wanted rigid controls above all else. The real history of each of our subjects was in the hospital files. We could consult those records after taking our readings, and see what—if anything—matched.

Our procedure was the one normally followed in use of the standard EEG. The subject reclined. His eyes were covered with cotton pads held in place by tapes during the examination. Electrodes were placed simultaneously at eight of the fifteen standard locations (the seven on the right side of the head are shown in the sketch on page 48; these seven are duplicated on the left side of the head, and there is also a vertex electrode at the top of the head between the hemispheres of the brain, to serve as a reference). The circuitry connections with the electrodes were then switched about until readings were taken from all fifteen key points. Recording was begun only after the subject was completely relaxed. In at least one instance, a subject was completely relaxed. In at least one instance, a subject fell asleep while under examination.

Exhaustive analysis of the recordings is still proceeding. Our preliminary findings, however, seem to us sufficiently striking to justify immediate disclosure. A summary follows:

(1) Frequencies registered at the different points on the brain vary.

(2) Nevertheless, all readings on one side of a brain that has not suffered organic damage correlate unmistakably with the reading from the parietal electrode on that side of the brain.

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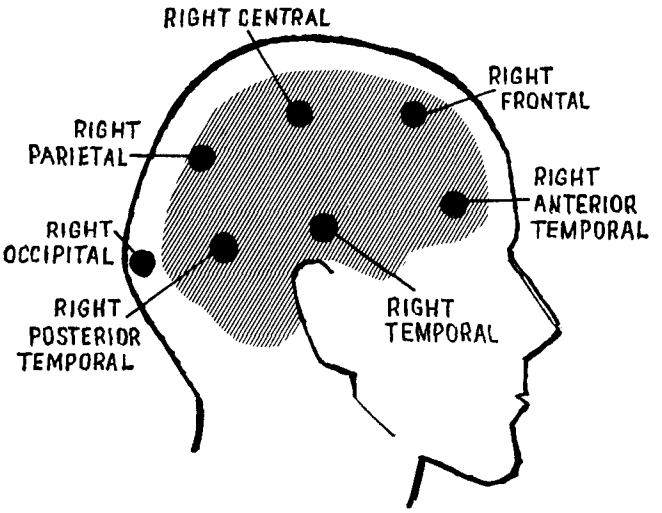


Contact points for EEG study

(3) Frequencies of the two hemispheres of the brain, as revealed at the parietal electrodes, vary considerably.

(4) The hemisphere with the higher frequency is the dominant hemisphere.

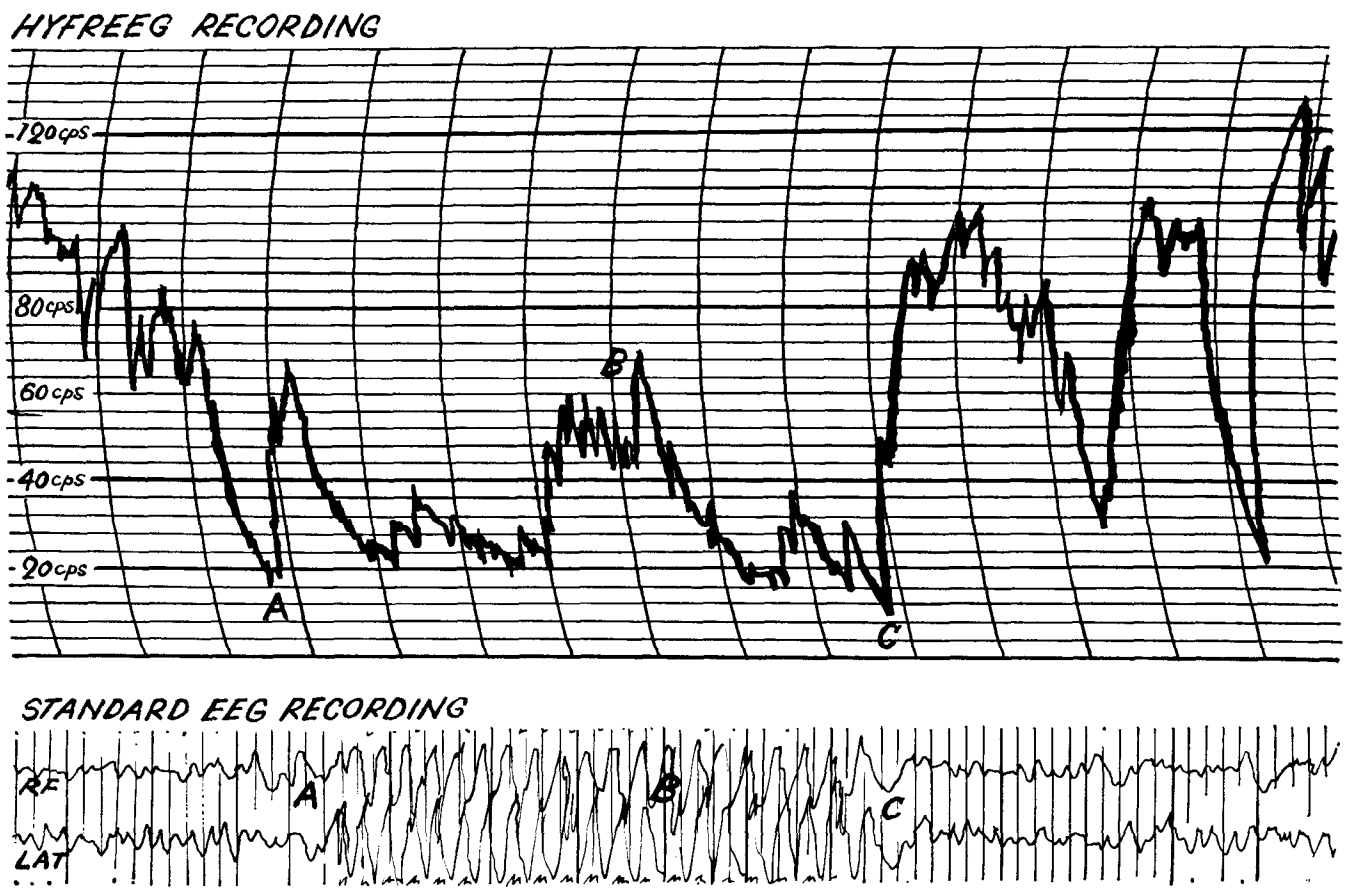
(5) Ninety-seven of our 100 subjects had dominant left hemispheres. All right-handed persons are believed to have dominant left hemispheres, and it is generally agreed among clinical neurologists that approximately 50 per cent of all left-handed persons also have dominant left hemispheres. A subsequent search of the hospital histories of our 100 patients showed that ninety-two of them were right-handed, the other eight left-handed.

(6) One of our subjects was observed both awake and asleep during the course of a single examination. The recording revealed no differences in frequency between wakefulness and sleeping in left and right frontals, or left and right parietals, or the left central or left midtemporal areas. Frequencies in the other areas, however, dropped by twenty to forty cycles per second. In other words, signals of the onset of sleep occurred primarily in the temporal and occiptal areas—the areas neighboring the eyeballs and in line with the eyes at the back of the head. These are the areas to which the Russian scientist, V. A. Gilyarovsky, has reported applying low-voltage electric current in his patients and so inducing them to sleep.

(7) There are remarkable relationships between the Hyfreeg reading from anterior temporal areas of the brain in given subjects and the actual hospital histories of judgment patterns and rationality of behavior of those same people. Assuming that the left hemisphere of the brain was the dominant hemisphere, it followed that:

—If the frequency of the left anterior temporal area was higher than the frequency of the right anterior temporal area, the subject usually possessed good judgment and the ability to think rationally.

—If the frequencies recorded for the left anterior temporal and the right anterior temporal were the same, the



How EEG (bottom) and Hyfreeg (above) recorded an epileptic seizure (A to C, with break at B).

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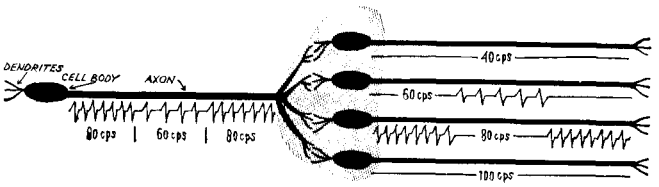
for FM signals



Hi-fi nerve switchboard (gray blob: acetylcholine).

subject was likely to be irrational and/or confused some of the time.

—If the right anterior temporal area showed a higher frequency than the left anterior temporal area, the subject was likely to be confused or irrational most of the time.

The Hyfreeg predictions on this score proved correct in all but seven of our 100 patients.

(8) Characteristic patterns were seen when Hyfreeg readings from the posterior temporal and anterior temporal areas of the dominant hemisphere were compared. These turned out to be clues to the passive or aggressive nature of the subject. Where the left hemisphere was the dominant hemisphere, the following was true:

—If the left anterior temporal showed a higher frequency than the left posterior temporal, subjects were decidedly inhibited, withdrawn, passive and at times depressed.

—If frequencies of the left anterior temporal and left posterior temporal areas were equal, the subject usually was aggressive, sometimes moody, occasionally deeply depressed and withdrawn, predisposed to temper tantrums. Further, he tended to swing from one extreme to another.

—If the frequency recorded in the left posterior temporal area was higher than the frequency of the left anterior temporal area, the subject would be outgoing and physically aggressive. If the same subject were also disoriented as to rationality, his aggressiveness would take the form of physical assault or destruction of property.

Here the predictions in the Hyfreeg record correlated exactly with the hospital histories of our subjects, 89 percent of the time.

In diagnosis of epilepsy—the refinement of which is one of the principal uses of standard EEG today—our Hyfreeg instrument gave a sharper picture of events (see sketch page 48) and, we think, detects primary activity for the first time.

In instances of violent injury to the brain, Hyfreeg seemed able to tell where in the brain the injury took place.

To us, the brightest lure of the frontier we have entered is the possibility of decoding the activity of the brain, perhaps to discover the mechanisms through which drugs like tranquilizers perform their functions, to understand the details of convulsive disorders and obscure vascular accidents, even to follow the intricate metabolic pathways which may someday tell us how to feed irrational people back to sane and useful roles in society.

These, we emphasize, are promises. Up to now, the Hyfreeg has only a single channel of information, attached to the EEG in the stead of one of the usual eight working channels of that instrument. Gradually, if we can obtain the necessary grants or funds to finance our researches, we hope to build up eight-channel Hyfreegs and finally to put three of them into tandem in order to explore that most fascinating of all realms of human behavior—the world of hallucinations.

THE MOON RACE

NO ONE could possibly have tried harder than Major Gherman Titov, the Russian cosmonaut, did to discourage talk of an international race to the moon during his visit to America in May. He failed completely. For in complying with pleas to reveal theretofore secret data about his epochal journey, he undid all his gestures toward cooperative exploration by mentioning one number. The number was 600,000.

Kilograms of thrust, that was. The total power of the six liquid-fueled engines of the multistage rocket that lifted Titov's spaceship, *Vostok II*, into orbit had been 1,320,000 lbs. The thrust behind *Vostok II* had been almost one-third greater than the wisest observer in the National Aeronautics and Space Administration had supposed.

Up to the time Titov gave the number, American guesstimates of it had been calculated from several assumptions:

(1) that the Russian rocket had been built in three stages, the most efficient design for the purpose;

(2) that each stage had a four to one ratio over the next succeeding stage, again the most efficient formula;

(3) that the first stage had a thrust of 800,000 lbs;

(4) that the total thrust therefore had been 800,000 plus 200,000 plus 50,000, or 1,050,000 lbs.

For security reasons, Titov declined to disclose the actual number of stages of the *Vostok II* rocket. Nonetheless, NASA experts held to their earlier opinion that the correct number was three. By applying this number and the assumed four to one ratio to the total thrust Titov reported, they came up with 1,000,000 lbs. of thrust for the rocket's first stage, 250,000 lbs. for second stage, and 62,500 lbs. for third stage.

The conclusion was evident: the Russians were even further ahead of the Americans in giant rocket building than anyone had believed.

However, the rocket thrust total disclosed by Titov could be seen from another angle. This was the angle from which the NASA theorists had arrived at their underestimation of the push behind *Vostok II*. The point of departure for it was the weight of the spaceship Major Titov rode. According to the figure Titov quoted, his cabin weighed 4,731 kilograms, or 10,408 lbs.—roughly five times as heavy as the one-ton Mercury capsule that carried Colonel John Glenn.

The lifting of a weight of 10,408 lbs. into an orbit ranging from 106.8 miles to 147.6 miles (the figures given by Titov) was not a very impressive accomplishment for a rocket with 1,320,000 lbs. of thrust. It suggested that the efficiency of the vehicle that carried *Vostok II* into space—that is, the total weight of the rocket in comparison to the weight of the rocket's fuel load—may have been 60 per cent. That was the efficiency of the Redstone rocket which lifted Lieut.-Commander Alan B. Shepard on the initial American suborbital parabola from Cape Canaveral into the nearby Atlantic. The Redstone has since been abandoned as too weak a performer.

Although the Atlas rocket which carried Colonel John Glenn had a total thrust of only 365,000 lbs., the rocket's efficiency was 70 per cent. And if the Saturn holds to its present promise, it will, with somewhat less power than the *Vostok II's* booster, lift more than twice the weight of Titov's spaceship into orbit 200 to 300 miles up.

Seen from that perspective, what Titov had to say about day-long circuiting of Earth could only encourage those Americans who think this country's prestige depends on reaching the Moon ahead of the Russians.

—J.L.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXV

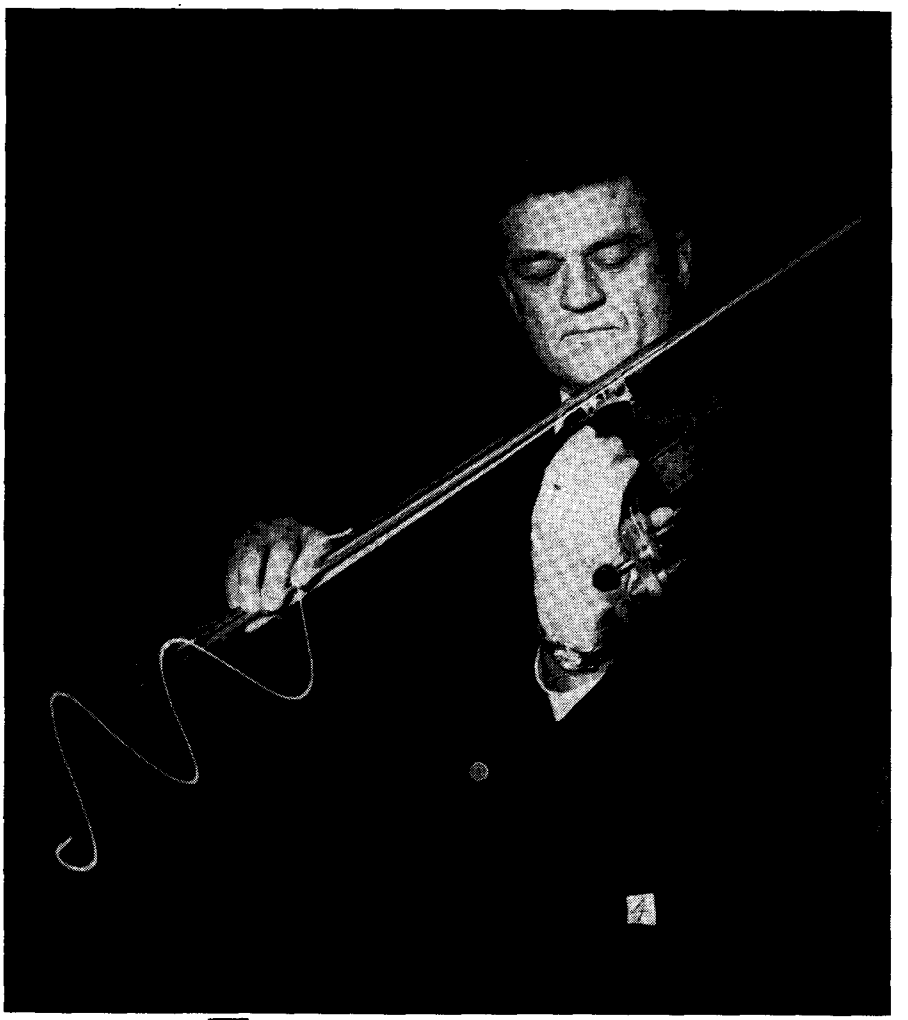
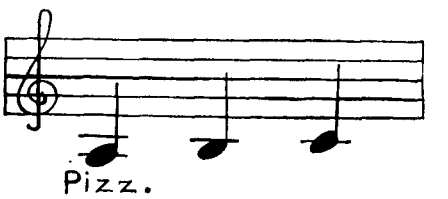
—*MIT Photo of "Doc" Edgerton on stage.*

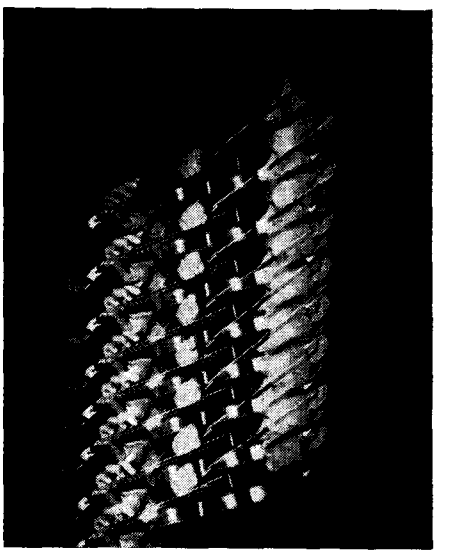
TEMPO FURIOSO

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

GEORGE CLARKE, the Woods Hole biologist, was hunting a means of photographing the luminescent creatures whose flashing movements he could dimly see many meters below the ocean surface. The Atomic Energy Commission was trying to peer through the mushroom clouds of nuclear bomb explosions. A group of doctors here in Cambridge wanted movies of corpuscle clusters traveling through the veins of the living human eye. They all came to "Doc" Edgerton at MIT.

Since his 1931 invention of the strobe light, Dr. Harold Eugene Edgerton has made accessible to the eye details of the swiftly moving world which no one had seen before. Electronically regulated, the strobe can flash 100 times a second in illuminations as brief as 1/1000 of a second and far more intense than the light of 40,000 fifty-watt bulbs. In a darkened space it can





Louis C. Trzcinski, Assistant Professor of Music at the University of Nebraska, couldn't see what he was teaching until "Doc" Edgerton took the photos on this and the facing page.

At the left, the Professor demonstrates the proper even-waved bowing of legato fifths. Above, he plucks the first three notes of a pizzicato scale to show the correct angles for the left-hand fingers, the circular motion required of the right-hand finger, and coordination of the two.

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replace the shutter of a camera to record on one plate the progression of a golf club swing, the passage of a horseman being thrown from his saddle, or the sweep of a violin bow. A single flash enables the camera to freeze a bullet in flight. In tubes built to withstand eight tons of pressure per square inch, strobe lights have traveled four miles down into the ocean to illuminate the murk for shutterless cameras; in Air Force bombers, strobes lit the flying fields of France on dark nights before D-Day.

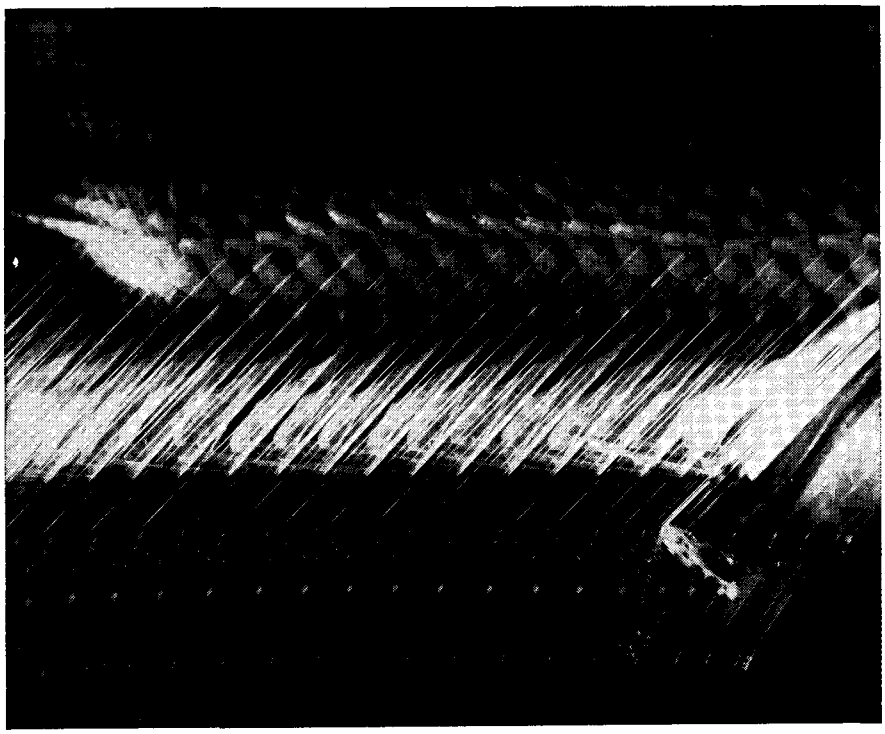
The years have passed without diminishing either "Doc's" curiosity about his environment or his ability to contrive new instruments to see what it really looks like. For underwater photography, where the camera was sometimes half a mile farther away from the ocean bottom than intended, "Doc" invented the sonar pinger. Descending with the camera, this instrument sends out sound waves, some of which rise straight to the surface while others bounce off the bottom. The interval between the arrival of the immediate ping and the arrival of the echo tells the operator at the sea's surface the distance between the camera and the place should be for accurate focus.

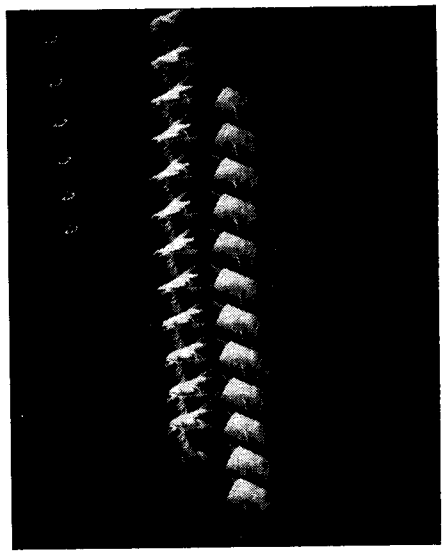
Another of "Doc's" instruments, the boomer, whose shock waves register a picture of the layers of sediment in the ocean floor, he invented because "I saw what the geologists had and thought I could give 'em something better." The story that runs the corridors of MIT is that "Doc" calibrated the boomer by firing its aluminum plates apart in the lab and calculating the time of arrival of telephone complaints against the distance to the offices of those who objected to the resulting "boom."

There are many such tales about "Doc." Reticent in talking about his part in their creation, he marvels at the optical and auditory feats his instruments can perform and enjoys whatever attracts attention to them. One of the finest showmen on the campus, he infects his students with "Let's try it and see."

The boy who grew up in the rural county seat of Aurora, Nebraska, is still growing, his door is open as doors in rural Nebraska were wont to be, and his greeting is the friendly "Howdy" of a Midwest plains town. As the pictures below tell plainer than any words, he genuinely welcomes all who come to him and say, "Doc, show me how I can see this."

—ALICE PEPPER.





Professor Trzcinski sends his pupils to the photo at the left above to impress upon them the necessity for saving motion by keeping the fingers close to the strings. What they see is the percussive left-hand finger action of Suzanne Lecarpentier at the cello. The photo at the right dramatizes first finger vibrato. Violist Paul Doktor's knuckle see-saws over the string, the tip of the finger acting as fulcrum. The notion of using high speed photography for analysis of instrumental technique was suggested to Professor Trzcinski by the spectacular performance of a strobe light that MIT's Dr. Harold Edgerton gave to the University of Nebraska, Edgerton's alma mater. The pictures reproduced here were taken by "Doc" Edgerton himself, during Christmas vacation. They are exciting homework for those who come under Trzcinski's influence in the Nebraska String Plan. He is working to broaden the musical interest of young people of the plains, from its present concentration on bands, to the stringed instruments. Nebraska school teachers are giving copies of the Edgerton photographs to children in company with suggestions on what the music learners should look for to improve their playing. A musician sees the motion involved in his own performance from a very special and restricted perspective, but he does see it, and from analysis of it can enhance his understanding of the subtle relationships between what might be called the mathematics of his movements—the angles, arcs and vectors—and the quality of the sound he makes.

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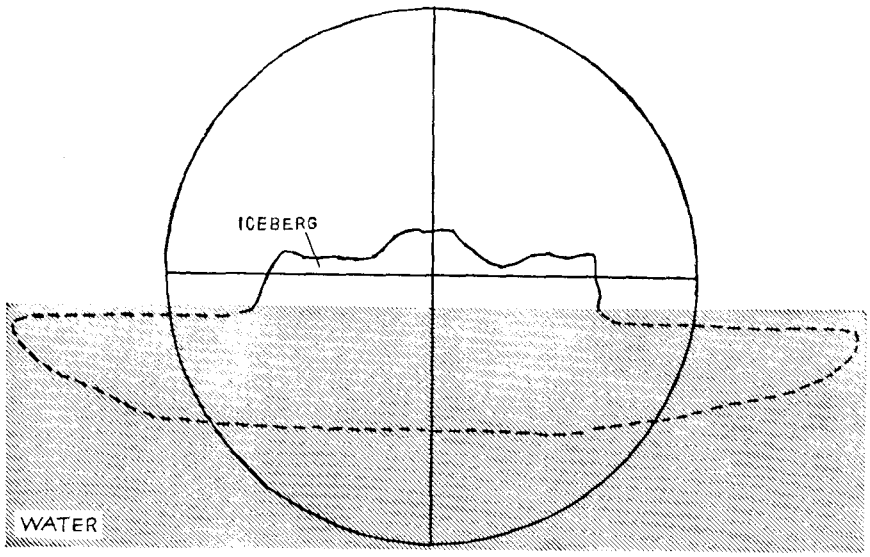
SCIENCE IN BOOKS

A RARE BERGER

The Seadragon Sub



THE still authoritative Coast Guard *Marion Report of 1928* states:

"The icebergs off Newfoundland have for centuries been one of the most dreaded dangers of trans-Atlantic navigators. Calving begins when the melting and erosive processes have set up strains that exceed the structural strength of the ice. Prominences and overhanging ledges calve away, sliding down from the steepest parts of the berg's side and slopes. Unequal detachments around the edges interfere with equilibrium and occasionally initiate calving on a major scale. The berg begins to roll slowly and deeply, to and fro, and when some bulging prominence swings far away from the perpendicular, thousands of tons of ice rupture to fall, avalanche-like, down to the sea. In the case of many tons of ice, the effect is very curious; it seems to fall much more slowly than really is the case. Stability is, of course, seriously disturbed, and the berg may again suffer one or more successive calvings."

In my study of the best books and papers available I had come to the conclusion that the place where the bergs exhibited these terrible characteristics of disintegration was off Newfoundland in the warm waters. I had seen very few reports of this sort of thing happening up north, although Coast Guard officers in Washington had told me they had seen calving in the northern part of Baffin Bay. But the best chances of finding stable bergs would be here [just one mile north of the Arctic Circle] and to the north.

Coming up several miles from the iceberg, we moved in close and began circling it to take photographs and measurements. The key dimension was its height; it was seventy-four feet tall.

As we went down, sonar [a navigating device dependent on echoes of sound waves] immediately picked up contact, and I maneuvered the ship at gradually increasing speed about the iceberg. It made a beautiful, solid echo blip [luminous spot] on both our active sonar and the iceberg detector.

What effect did speed have on our ability to pick up [evidence of the presence of] such a massive, deadly obstacle?

The [atomic-powered submarine] Seadragon began charging the berg like an infuriated bull, going faster each time until at last we were making our top speed. Seven hundred yards from a collision, I ordered the rudder put over and we skidded into a turn and headed away.

"Loud underwater explosion!" cried an urgent voice from the sonar room.

"All sonars lit up in here, and then we heard it!" continued George Harlow.

What could that be, but calving?

Our pressure wave at top speed must have been enough to crack the berg apart.

Wouldn't it be wiser to leave this particular fellow alone now that we had proved our detection equipment?

I turned around and headed back toward the iceberg, studying the sonar blip. To my surprise it looked the same.

Did it matter if the berg had calved?

No submarine was ever recorded to have gone under an iceberg. But when I told the crew that we were on our way in, I might have been telling them that I was passing a merchant ship, for all the reaction I got.

Closer and closer we eased our three-thousand-ton ship toward the chill bottom ahead. The control room fell silent, but for the sounds of the instruments on which our lives depended. Only the click of the upward-beamed fathometer [a depth measuring instrument], the agony of Roshon's device [for detecting the proximity of icebergs] and the chirp of the ever larger sonar blip were heard.

Then came the chant of the sonar operator, "four hundred yards—three hundred yards—two hundred yards—*lost contact overhead!*"

We still had a minute to wait before we actually passed underneath.

I bent over the low-mouthed fathometer with the others. My hand gripped the stanchion by the periscope; the trace [of the iceberg's bottom] dipped down, down toward our egg-shaped hull—and rose again. I grabbed the general announcing system microphone:

"SEADRAGON has the honor to be the first submarine to go under an iceberg! The berg's draft: 108 feet!"

We continued on out from the berg, and made an approach from a different direction. A clover-leaf pattern with the iceberg in the center would give us the best idea of its width, length, and underbody shape.

As we opened out after our fifth trip under the iceberg, sonar reported, "Loud noise spoke from the berg!"

Perhaps it was an avalanche.

Now that I knew the berg's draft I decided to complete the final trip underneath as we had planned. We had good clearance even if it was calving or rolling, and I wanted to hear this new noise from close range. So under again we went.

But we both knew from the trace [recording by the instruments] taken on that sixth passage underneath that the iceberg had not taken on a new shape. Therefore, what we had been hearing was perhaps an early stage of a major breakup.

Looking at Walt Wittmann's figures, I saw that the longest axis of the iceberg at the surface was 313 feet, but below it was 822 feet long. The berg apparently had a mass of 600,000 tons. Obviously we had learned something.

—CDR. GEORGE P. STEEL, U.S.N.
in "Seadragon,"
(Dutton, $4.85.)

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

NAS RESPONSIBILITIES

A STATEMENT in your most recent science section declared that "the present function (of the National Academy of Sciences) in the scientific mechanism of Washington is merely to shape research proposals for Assistant President Jerome Wiesner's Office. . . ."

Although this function is certainly one of the most important responsibilities of the Academy to the Federal government, the Academy enjoys direct advisory relationships with a wide variety of other Federal offices. These include many of the executive departments—such as Defense; Agriculture; Interior; Commerce; Health, Education, and Welfare, etc.—and a good many independent agencies, such as the Atomic Energy Commission, National Science Foundation, Federal Housing Administration, and National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Although the Academy is a private organization, it is obligated, under its Congressional charter of 1863, to advise the Federal government, upon request, in any matter of science and technology. Such requests may come from any part of the Federal government, including the Congress. During the fiscal year 1960-61, the Academy received more than 10 million dollars in contracts and grants in compensation for the actual costs of providing such specifically requested services to the Federal government; the thousands of scientists and engineers serving on our advisory committees receive no financial compensation for their participation.

HOWARD J. LEWIS, DIRECTOR
Office of Information,
National Academy of Sciences.
Washington, D.C.

VERY OLD STUFF

SINCE YOU HAVE opened up the question of who merits the title "Dean of Meteoritics," may I go further back and bestow the title on Ignatius Donnelly, who in 1883 published a truly grandiose and imaginative volume on worlds in collision, entitled "Ragnarok: The Age of Fire and Gravel." It was a best seller that ran to twelve editions, and I suggest that Velikovsky lifted much of it for his much later book.

It has been a long time since my last reading of "Ragnarok," but he had a great deal to say about the effect of meteorites on the earth's geology and particularly the effects on the Mississippi Valley area of the United States as a result of a great "tiger" comet hitting that area. He saw the earth as "a lost child in the midst of a forest of wild beasts."

Also he foresaw the possibility that his hypothesis might be ridiculed. "The conservation of unthinkingness is one of the potential forces of the world. It lies athwart the progress of mankind like a colossal mountain chain, chilling the atmosphere on both sides of it for a thousand miles."

Donnelly combed the previous findings of the geologists and anthropologists and piled up references from the legends of all primitive peoples of the "folk memory" of such terrific happenings: the legends of the Incas, Aztecs, Egyptians, Greeks, Arabians, Norsemen, Chinese, the American Indians, and he added, "Read Genesis by the light of the comet." He found apt quotations in Shakespeare, Byron, Ovid, Aristophanes, Hesiod, Plato, Orpheus, Garcilaso de la Vega. There was nothing he did not marshal into his battalions to storm the heights of the incredible. A great *tour de force.*

CARLETON BEALS.
Deep River, Conn.

ORCHID FOR HERCULES

I READ with astonishment the obtuse view of Professor Saul T. Epstein's letter, "Quiet, Please" [*SR*, May 5]. If "speculative views" are not "current ideas," what are they? If "speculative views" do not concern "the nature of science in general," what do they concern? Usually, these authors of "speculative views" have to provide some background informing us of their "past successes," and certainly their "present problems and future plans" are implicit, if not explicit, in the articles of these scientists who do work in a "particular area."

I think *SR* superbly accomplishes the Herculean task of being catholic in appeal in an age when intelligent men become appalled at the task of being "well-informed" to remain human in the Renascence sense, and might easily give up were it not for *SR*.

JOSEPH R. MCQUADE,
English Department,
Trenton Public Schools.
Trenton, N.J.

I NOTICED a letter in the May 5 copy expressing the opinion that you should not publish articles devoted to the speculative or imaginative views of scientists. May I register an opposite opinion? *SR* is one of few sources I know for such articles. I find these articles which reach beyond the present facts to be most stimulating, and I should think they would inspire and guide future research.

EDWARD M. BRIGHAM, III
Biology Department,
Central High School.
Flint, Mich.

NO DANGER

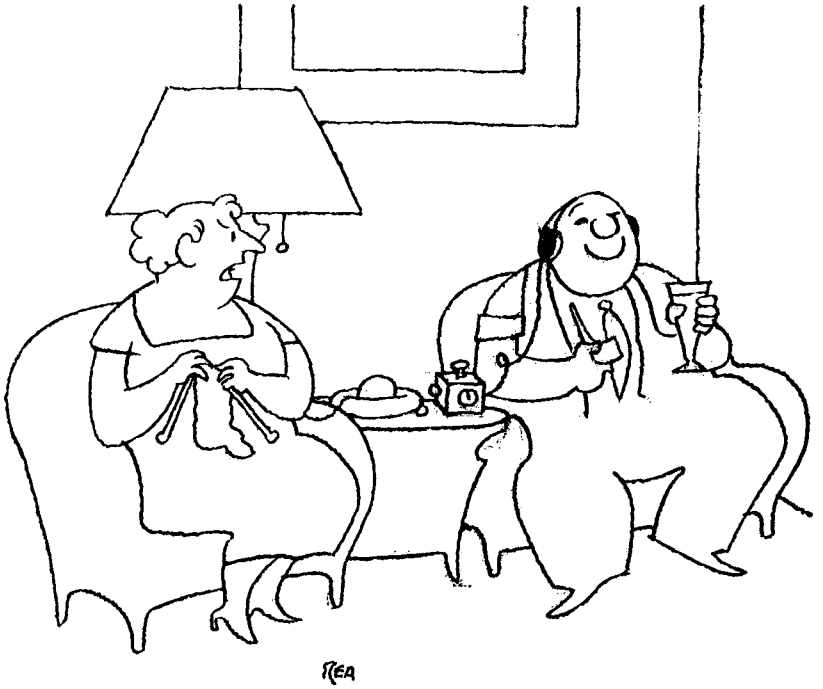
WILL YOU PLEASE relieve the minds of the "eminent scientists" about our ability to read the theories of other scientists (and even non-scientists) without becoming "polluted."

I am as much in disagreement with Dr. [John J.] Gilvarry as the men from California, but since when must we all accept the same theory? As I recall, a theory is an idea proven in many ways and yet still open to constant correction as new data comes to the front.

The earth was once considered the center of the universe by eminent scientists and they could prove it. Much of the scientific theory which we accept from learned men is accepted on at least semi-blind faith anyway. I defy anyone without a thorough education in advanced science to prove that the sun does not rotate around the earth. We believe this because we have been told so from kindergarten by people whom we considered more intelligent than ourselves.

I have my own theory as to the origin of the planets and how life is sustained on these planets. So far as I now, no scientist agrees with me in full. Does this mean I may not express my theory?

HAZEL M. WHITE.
Kansas City, Mo.



"I don't think you are listening to little men in space at all."

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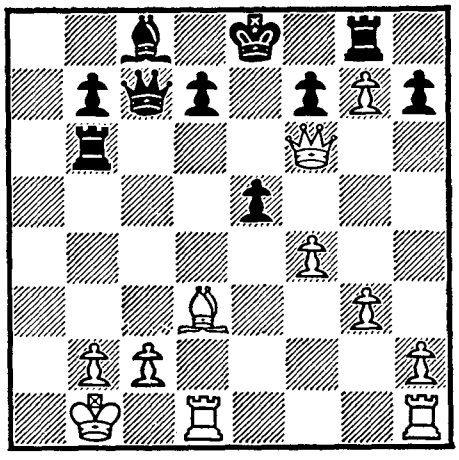
Chess Corner–No. 71

THE ADVENT of eighteen-year-old Bobby Fischer, the United States champion, on the international scene has made the first dent in the Soviet Union's monopoly on premier positions in the field of chess, a monopoly which they have enjoyed for the past two decades. With his victory over Mikhail Tahl, former world champion, at Bled, Yugoslavia, the boy became a man.

That Tahl took a few liberties in the development of his opening in this encounter is a matter of speculation. If he did, he will not do it again. In ten short moves, his game was theoretically wrapped up, even though it required precise play and a Queen sacrifice to prove the point. Here is the game.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

	R. Fischer White		M. Tahl Black	
1	P-K4	P-QB4	12 P-K5	P-QR3
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	13 PxN	PxN
3	P-Q4	PxP	14 PxP	R-N1
4	NxP	P-K3	15 N-K4	B-K2
5	N-QB3	Q-B2	16 Q-Q4	R-R5
6	P-KN3	N-B3	17 N-B6ch	BxN
7	N/4-N5	Q-N1	18 QxB	Q-B2
8	B-KB4	N-K4	19 0-0-0	RxRP
9	B-K2	B-B4	20 K-N1	R-R3
10	BxN	QxB	21 BxP	R-N3
11	P-B4	Q-N1	22 B-Q3	P-K4



23	PxP	RxQ	35 R-B7ch	K-Q1
24	PxR	Q-B4	36 KBR-Q7ch	K-K1
25	BxP	Q-KN4	37 R-Q1	P-N4
26	BxR	QxBP	38 R-QN7	Q-R4
27	KR-B1	QxP	39 P-KN4	Q-R6
28	BxPch	K-Q1	40 P-N5	Q-KB6
29	B-K6	Q-R3	41 R-K1ch	K-B1
30	BxP	BxB	42 RxP	K-N2
31	R-B7	QxP	43 R-N6	Q-KN6
32	RxBch	K-K1	44 R-Q1	Q-B2
33	QR-K7ch	K-Q1	45 R/1-Q6	Q-B1
34	R-Q7ch	K-B1	46 P-N3	K-R2
	47 R-R6	Resigns		

—Al Horowitz.

TV and Radio

Continued from page 25

ing Nikita Garanine, the sixth grader chosen by the Russians, led to an interest in Alyosha, his ninth-grade brother. This in turn led to a request by the Americans to film the boys at home, so as to show the connection between family and school. After due consideration, this further penetration was permitted, and in the several days' shooting at home, mutually friendly relations were established with the boys' family.

Toward the end of the extended time period, crew and cameras were permitted into both Moscow University and an Internat or Boarding School, the prototype of all future institutions of basic Communist education. Finally, the Russians agreed that the network might scrap, if it chose, the original premise of the show, which was to compare Soviet and American schools, and utilize its full Bell and Howell hour in the fall for a view of Soviet schools in Moscow.

The evidence permits an obvious inference—namely, that the Russians are the gainers in this new design, winning, as they do, a broader platform for the material they chose to show us. The enlargement of scope, creates, however, a stronger tension among the producers to counterbalance the Russian gain. Whatever the opposite pulls in this interesting encounter, the interpenetration of attitudes cannot help but be civilizing. The ABC team (which included Mike Campus, Russian-speaking researcher, and Dudley Plummer, English sound recordist) came with Western curiosity to inquire into Soviet education. The Russian teachers responded, in their turn, with many questions about American pedagogy. The Radio-TV Committee has, furthermore, invited the ABC crew to return and to travel throughout the Soviet Union to film other documentaries. Hopefully, the adventure will also bear fruit by way of a visit by a Soviet TV team to the U.S.

This was an exchange between one major American network and the Soviet government—something of a semiofficial innovation. Sooner or later other networks should follow. The zeal of Vladimir, the Russian photographer, for the galloping camera of the American Hartigan could well turn out to be a peaceful symbol and a hopeful portent. The wide-angle lens of television's cultural "aggression" operating at fundamental settings of human relationships, may contribute more to world peace than many a more formal diplomatic or political interaction.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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(Continued from page 55)

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SOLVE PACKING PROBLEMS with Shoe Travel Bags of transparent plastic. No more soiling, cumbersome wrapping. 3 prs. $1.50, 6 prs. $2.50, taxes, postage included. Specify size man or woman. Check or M.O. Dept. SR, Travelope Company, GPO Box 1051, New York 1, N.Y.

ALFRED DIXON SPEECH CENTER—A non-profit organization devoted to all aspects of good speech. Small classes in: Voice Development, Pronunciation, Dialect-Accent Removal, Public Speaking. Call for appointment, JUdson 6-7579 NYC.

"WINNIE THE POOH" AND "BABAR" wall hangings in full color, printed on linen 15" wide by 32" long. $3.75 each postpaid. E. Norwich House, Huntington, L.I., N.Y.

CALIFORNIA JOBS! Tell us field you want; we'll mail you listings. Send $2 to California Employment Directory, 420 Market Street, San Francisco 11.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS! Conversation, accent specialist, minimum grammar—summer rates. BUtterfield 8-0881 NYC.

YOUNG MAN: will be ex-marine in September. Serious, very well read, desires position traveling abroad. Salary no object. Box X-334.

SUMMER VACATION in New Hampshire at new small college located on a lake. Room and board in return for teaching English or other courses. Box X-686.

PERSONABLE MALE COLLEGE STUDENT desires interesting summer position. Will travel. Box X-763.

A.B. PSYCHOLOGY, male, 21, desires summer employment—will travel. Box X-745.

WRITER-SECRETARY wishes to collaborate technical scientific work. Portland, Oregon. Box X-911.

HORSEBACK RIDING—WANTED: Young, compatible mature couple to accompany same on riding trip in Rockies during July, August. Box X-800.

TEACHER AND SON, ten, wish summer lodging with Dennis Port, Massachusetts, family. Box X-931.

LIBERAL INTELLECTUAL, WIDOWER, 5 children, wishes to employ cultured individual as housekeeper-governess. Rural midwestern location, separate living quarters, no objection to children. Box X-794.

WANTED: Autographs, documents, books, preferably signed, of earlier radical leaders-in English. Box X-909.

AFRICA: Englishman, high references, outstanding connections, desires business commissions, assignments, July-October, Africa. New York interviews mid-June. Write immediately, Box X-926.

FOR SALE: Chess enthusiasts. Chess table, Backgammon, Checkers, Game Table. Circa 1825. Inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, various hardwoods. Box X-903.

WILL DRIVE CAR NYC to West Coast leaving first week in July. YUkon 8-6282 NYC after 5.

YOUNG LADY, middle twenties, past bookshop owner, dealing antiques pleasure-profit. Flair oriental, desires interesting job or travel. Box X-929.

PERSONABLE REGISTERED NURSE, 50, bridge life master, chauffeur. Salary open. Passport ready for travel. Box X-912.

CULTURED SECRETARY desires position with lady touring world. Box X-919.

ART CRITIC SEEKS August vacation in exchange for illustrated art lectures. Box X-797.

FRENCH-SPEAKING Belgian girl seeks position as governess to one or two children. References exchanged. Box X-922.

MAGAZINE EDITOR, 28, seeks permanent editorial position Paris, Rome. Former critic and foreign correspondent leading newspaper and magazine. World-traveled. 4 languages. Living wage; integrity paramount. Box X-906.

COED, 25, B.S. degree, 2 years teaching experience, desires position as governess abroad. Box X-924.

BOSTON EXECUTIVE or administrator: Need an efficient, intelligent, personable, versatile girl-Friday? Box X-915.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SOCIAL CASEWORKER wanted for Episcopal child care agency in Philadelphia area providing foster care for children and unmarried pregnant girls. Psychiatric consultation available. Liberal personnel policies. Social Security and NHW retirement. MSW required. Salary in accordance with experience. Box X-932.

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED for two recognized graphic designers, NYC. Experience not necessary but knowledge of field important. Box X-941.

WISH TO engage competent governess for my 9-year-old daughter in a Southern city. No problem child. Ample free time and travel opportunity. Please send experience and recommendations. Box X-942.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CENTRAL VERMONT—Retirement homes, farms, camps, acreage. Free list. W. S. Gilman, Broker, Chelsea, Vermont.

CHOCORUA, N.H. 70 acres of fields and woodland with frontage on Chocorua Lake. Main house of 15 rooms, 4 baths, studio, fine early barn, magnificent views across lake to Sandwich Range. Sydney C. Mather, Realtor, Chocorua, N.H.

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES; Building Sites; Investment Acreage; Business Opportunities. Ray Holway, Realtor, Gryphon Building, Rutland, Vermont.

COMPLETE, FINE LISTING waterfront properties eastern Virginia. Unusual values. Building locations, wooded, clear. Summer rentals. Write requirements. Mabel Billups, Broker, Mathews, Virginia.

MAY WE HELP you find a place in the country in Bennington County, Vermont? Herbert Douglas, Realtor, Arlington, DRake 5-2215.

RHINEBECK, NEW YORK. Early American home, 100 acres, deer, bird country, 2 miles from Parkway. 6 rooms, 2 baths, fireplace, oil heat, artesian well, screened patio, garage, barn, brook, swimming pool. $27,500. Box X-714.

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM. Tree farmers offer incidentally acquired houses, surveyed lots with views, some with lake access, $100 per acre and up; timber tracts for recreation and investment 10-1,000 acres, $10 per acre and up. For brochure write Box W-139.

FOOTHILLS of Blue Ridge Mountains. Desirable 7 room house and 23 acres. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 car garage. Climate mild, neighbors interesting, price reasonable. Box 94, Tryon, N.C.

BREWSTER, N.Y. Have you a yen to run country antique shop while living in pre-Revolutionary gem on 2 scenic acres? Inquire Agent, Box X-930.

RESTORED CAPE COD variant, year round living, blacktop road. Near Mt. Snow ski area and Serkin Music Marlboro College. Superb view—2,000 feet altitude. $22,500. Contact owner, H. H. Howe, East Dover, Vermont.

COUNTRY HOME with income. New Jersey. Near New Hope, on beautiful canal. Send for folder. Scott, 32 West 22nd Street, NYC 10.

HARRIMAN, N.Y. 7 room ranch, almost new, 2 acres. Near schools, facilities, yet quiet, scenic. 70 minutes from NYC. Near Exit 16-Thruway. $30,000. Box X-905.

SMOKE RISE, N.J. Exceptionally satisfactory cottage with extra glass enclosed living room. Absolute quiet, yet near Inn, 1 hour NYC. Secluded, but accessible. $32,000. Box X-783.

SEAFORD, L.I. Contemporary ranch—fireplace, trees. Immaculate! $18,500. CAstle 1-3592.

ASHEVILLE, N.C.—11 acre mountain home, electric kitchen, furnace, patio, bedrooms, bath. $12,500. Chambers, 141 Grove, Stockton, California.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR SALE

COUNTRY HOME—old Colonial with all conveniences. Secluded with panoramic view of Vermont mountains. 75 acres. Small barn. Petteys Agency, Granville, N.Y. Phone 868.

BOYLSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, between Worcester and Boston. Unusual 4 bedroom custom contemporary, 2 years old. Hillside, 800 feet lakefront, 10 acres. 2 fireplaces, built-in appliances, thermopane throughout. Cypress exterior. Paneled interior. Sacrifice $27,000. Box X-937.

For Sale—Furnished

FAMOUS LANDMARK — Gallery-on-the-Moors, magnificent, year-round studio home, furnished. Cape Ann, Massachusetts. Sale, rent. Umberto Romano, Provincetown, Massachusetts, Provincetown 1806.

VACATION PARADISE. One hour NYC on 9 mile lake, private cove, boathouse (boats optional), dock, breathtaking view. Charming remodeled fishing cottage, 5 bedrooms, 1½ baths, beautifully furnished, all appliances, gas heat. Ideal retreat—accessible, secluded. Asking $27,500. Weekdays SUsquehanna 7-5322. Weekends 201-398-5543.

CAPE ANN, Annisquam, Massachusetts. Year round house, 2 acres Norwood Heights, near private beach. 4 large bedrooms, 3 baths, lavatory. Modern kitchen. Recreation wing, 2 bedrooms, bath. $45,000. Box X-785.

ARTIST'S HOME—sell or rent. Mountain view, acreage, privacy, all facilities. Two hours NYC. Details COlumbus 5-1084.

For Rent—Furnished

VERMONT HILLSIDE HAVEN, near college, ski areas. Stone house, winterized, fireplaces, modern kitchen, 7 rooms, 2 baths, garage. Available September for one year. John Hammond, R.D. 1, Middlebury, Vermont.

For Summer Rental

EASTPORT, MAINE, VICINITY. Summer home, 8 rooms, furnished. Electricity. Ideal for family. Beautiful scenery, secluded. Also two-room gift shop. Land runs from highway to sea. Boating, summer concerts. Box X-704.

CAPE COD COTTAGES. Seasonal to bimonthly. $300-$800 monthly. Covering several seashore towns. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Orleans, Massachusetts. Phone 552.

WILMINGTON, VERMONT. Hillside duplex apartment—"real country"—accommodates six. Box X-624.

VIRGIN ISLANDS. Attractive villas available at $165 weekly or $400-$500 monthly at Grapetree Bay, the largest resort on St. Croix. Three couples can share one villa with children. All resort facilities including seaside dining terrace at the Hotel.

SOUTHERN MAINE. Little white farmhouse, beautiful location. Month or season. Details. Box X-934.

CHOCORUA, N.H. Cottage with magnificent view of Sandwich Range, high on hill. Has 2 bedrooms, bath, living room, porch and kitchen. Available June 20th to August 20th for $400.

SILVER LAKE, MADISON, N.H. Rustic cottage with living room, kitchen, bedroom, bath. Sleeping cabin of 2 bedrooms. Situated in tall pines with own shore frontage, good swimming. Month of August $300.

CHOCORUA, N.H. Most attractive summer home, opposite Chocorua Lake, has 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 living rooms, dining room, kitchen, porch. Tennis court and bathhouse. Available July and August $1,000. Sydney C. Mather, Realtor, Chocorua, N.H.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS, New York. Beautiful house with 6 bedrooms, 4 baths, 2 dining rooms, large living room, fireplaces and steam heat, electric kitchen, dishwasher, completely furnished, linen, silver. Guest bungalow, bath. 100 acres private wooded grounds, trout brook. Two miles from Elizabethtown, tennis, golf, lake, boating, fishing. For one or two families. $500 per month. Write Dr. P. Radl, 19 West 69th Street, NYC 23.

MAINE LAKE—Secluded woods, beach, boat, motor. Sleeps 12. $150 week. Box X-727.

2 BEDROOM HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGE on 90 wooded hillside acres. $900 season. Excellent swimming. Box 54, Hackettstown, N.J.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

POCONOS—De luxe housekeeping cottages, on stream. Private estate. Fireplaces. Quiet, cool, secluded, for discriminating guests. Bond Brook, Brodheadsville 3, Pennsylvania.

PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. 4 bedroom house, season: $1,200; 5 bedroom house, July: $600; on beach. 2170 Iroquois, Detroit, Michigan.

FORTUNES ROCKS, MAINE. Overlooking ocean, new 5 bedroom home, window walls, screened porch, sun deck, beach. Privacy. $1,500 season. Box X-780.

LIME ROCK, CONNECTICUT. Charming Colonial, 6 rooms, beautifully furnished. Adults, $1,000 long season. HEmlock 5-9570, Box X-928.

VIEW TO MOUNTAINS. Our freshly-remodeled, 4 bedroom 19th century summer home directly on crystal clear Newfound Lake, N.H., $150 weekly. Also 2 bedroom lakeside cottage, $80. Lower monthly rates. Box X-793.

DENVER, COLORADO—3-4 bedroom house, full basement, double garage, June-August. 4105 East Girard Avenue.

CENTRAL VERMONT. Modernized 9 room farmhouse, sleeps 8. Excellent fishing, hunting, and swimming in mountain area. Weekly or monthly rental. Box 1539, Boston 4, Massachusetts.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT, publisher's home. Ten weeks, June 25th-September 5th. Cool, informal house. Two air-conditioners, color TV, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, living room, enclosed breezeway, large terrace. 1½ acres, pleasant, quiet neighborhood, playhouse, swings. Phone Westport, CApitol 7-6362.

MURRAY BAY, CANADA. Attractive cottage—lady or young couple, inexpensive. Box X-790.

PINE HILL, N.Y. 4 bedroom house, seasonal rental. C. Morton, Telephone 2241.

STILLWATER LAKE, Westchester—Wooded acre, beach, golf, 5 room dwelling. 914-WI 1-0756.

HOUSES TO SHARE

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND—Bachelors share large, cool, comfortably furnished suburban residence. Box X-786.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

SOUTH NYACK, N.Y. Studio co-op apartment on Hudson River. Half hour New York City. 8 rooms, 2 terraces. Pool, boat dock, tennis court. Box X-910.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

NYC. Modern, spacious 4½ rooms, July-August, Columbia vicinity. MOnument 3-5659.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, NYC. June 15th-September 15th. Garden floor through. 32 foot living room, large kitchen, bedroom. Cool, quiet, charming. $250 monthly. CHelsea 2-7236, Box X-782.

APARTMENT WANTED

SUMMER—Fully furnished, cool, East side, Manhattan, for female professor. 2308 Joseph Street, New Orleans 15.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR RECREATION OR RETIREMENT—Attractive building sites, adjoining lake. Fine mountain views. All utilities. Paved highway. Half mile to village in heart of Vermont. John Macleod, Wallingford.

BERKSHIRES, MASSACHUSETTS. Income property, 2,000' altitude, 100 acres, near lake. Two buildings, four housekeeping units. Ideal children. Possibility camp. Reasonable. Box X-914.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ART GALLERY, nine years in existence, with established clientele and exhibiting artists. Owner-manager will sell good will, etc. and stay as consultant. Art Gallery, P.O. Box 41, Palm Beach, Florida.

COFFEE HOUSE for sale. Steady mature clientele. 44 seats, antique machine, downtown Denver. $3,000. Box X-764.

CAMPS

VERMONT FARM CAMP—Riding, swimming, camp and dairy farm activities. Girls, ages 8-13. Johnston, RFD 1, Ludlow, Vermont.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children 6 to 17, unique combination of family life, music, arts, fun. Professional instructors. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer, New Jersey.

WINOOSKI—A unique learning experience for high school juniors and seniors who like to work with children and who want to prepare themselves to be camp counselors, settlement-house workers, youth leaders in church groups, recreation supervisors, or teachers of arts and crafts. Program combines instruction in group leadership and crafts with responsibility for supervising recreation in several small communities near the Goddard College campus. WINOOSKI is coeducational, its members carefully chosen for their interest, demonstrated ability, potential as group leaders, and seriousness of purpose. June 30th to August 24th, 1962. GODDARD COLLEGE, Plainfield, Vermont.

BE OUR GUEST on working pony farm. Children 10-14. Four hours horsemanship daily, shows. Mrs. Henry Perley, Weatherlands Farm, Cushing, Maine.

BACK LOG CAMP, Sabael, N.Y. 126 wooded acres on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, managed by Quakers for 67 years, attracts those who, for love of unspoiled wilderness, do without electricity, outboards, radio; live in airy wood-floored tents, with family-style meals, in company of civilized, educated persons. June 30th September 4th, $70 weekly, all inclusive; reductions for families. Brochure. Mrs. Henry Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

VACATIONS

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

MIRROR LAKE INN and lakeshore cottages, Lake Placid, N.Y. Private Beach, Tennis, Game Room, Gourmet Food, Art Groups. Write for Folder R.

AVALOCH, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. Across the road from Tanglewood, relaxed informality and wonderful vacation activities. Ask about our nine day week, June 29th-July 8th.

DELAWARE INN, Stamford, N.Y.—your own personal "Shangri-La." Only 3 hours NYC off Thruway. An historic Inn founded in 1813. Peaceful views, picturesque farmlands, large, comfortable rooms, fine food, cocktail lounge, 18 hole golf nearby. American or European Plan at sensible rates. Write or call OLiver 2-4351.

SPARHAWK HALL, a beautiful hotel by the salt water's edge. 51st year. Bulletin B, Ogunquit, Maine. Mrs. Lilla M. Reynolds, Owner-Manager.

VACATIONS

1001. Of our 1001 rooms, there is one we never rent. Room for improvement. Seems we're always working on it. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Country stores, antiques, auctions, children "organize themselves." Northwood Narrows, N.H.

THE FALES. Berkshire beauty, cottages, fireplaces, excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

IF I WERE A GOLF BALL . . . I'd bounce back to my old self by driving right to the green at Gurney's Inn. Their 700 feet of satin-smooth beach makes rolling in the sand a real pleasure. People who really know the score love Gurney's, too. The cuisine, hostelry, private cottages . . . way above par. And at Gurney's you're not handicapped with rigid schedules—you're free to putter around as much as you please. If you're beginning to feel lost in the woods of steel and concrete . . . find yourself at Gurney's. You'll have a ball. Write Dept. S-11, Gurney's Inn, "On the Brink O' the Beach," Montauk, L.I. MOntauk 8-2345.

TIGHT LITTLE, RIGHT LITTLE ISLAND, ten cool miles at sea. Large enough to get lost on, small enough for pleasurable exploration and discovery. For the pictorially-minded, ornithologically-minded, botanically-minded, peace-minded . . .worthwhile indeed. Recommended in Duncan Hines' Vacation Guide. The Island Inn, Box P, Monhegan Island, Maine.

VIRGIN ISLANDS. Two bedroom house. $100 week, one couple, $160 two couples. Car $40. Harold Kelley, Box 1379, St. Thomas.

GASCON GUEST RANCH, north of Las Vegas, New Mexico, Pecos Wilderness; riding and fishing. Isolation, quiet, scenery. Ideal spot for writing, painting, relaxing. Modern log cabins, excellent meals. James Bartley, Gascon Ranch, Rociada, New Mexico.

BRANDON INN, on village green near library. Real New England food. Elevator. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

EXCEPTIONAL MEALS at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, private beach, on beautiful Ogunquit headland. Open June 26th. Colir folder. THE LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath. Reasonable rates include three delicious meals daily. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing in beautiful Pocono Mountains. Private lake, swimming pool, varied activities, wonderful cuisine. 72nd season. Color brochure S. The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure. VIctor 6-4059.

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Phone Asheville 253-0771. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

CREATIVE PEOPLE, NATURE LOVERS: Find peace, quiet, summer-fall beauty, charming old-world home, individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y.

(Continued on page 58)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 57)

PEMAQUID SEMINAR, 6th year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1962 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

NOVA SCOTIA—Centrally located to explore Cape Breton Island and Cabot Trail. Normaway Lodge & Cottages, Margaree Valley.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lover's paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA—Enjoy scenic grandeur at Crossroads of White Mountains. Twin Mountain, Bretton Woods, Crawford Notch, Fabyans. For free illustrated folder write Board of Trade, Twin Mountain 12, New Hampshire.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

INDOLENCE — BUSTLE — Privacy — Togetherness! 40 miles of lake shore; all sports; 4 music Festivals—25 concerts; Summer Stock. Adirondack setting! Sleeping bags through mansions. Brochures. Vacation Bureau, Schroon Lake, N.Y.

INTANGIBLES, REFRESHINGLY MAINE. Art and theatre minded meet at Hillcrest Inn. Brochure. Hilda, Phil Richards, Shore Road, Ogunquit, Maine.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. Recommended by AAA. Color folder, reservations write Edwin Finch, Resident Manager, The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

HOW CAN YOU TELL what it's really like at Deer Hill Inn, Chester, Vermont, without actually having been there? Ask.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

FAMILY VACATION! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Gulick Pierce, Box S, 531 East 20th, New York 10. GRamercy 3-0222.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

VACATIONS

MANSFIELD FARM, Londonderry, Vermont. Hilltop 18th century modernized brick home, elevation 1,600 feet. Mountain panorama, fireplaces, books, flower and vegetable gardens. Excellent food. Peace and quiet. Write, or phone, VAlley 4-5207.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewsters, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

SUMMER on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 29th-October 15th. Color folder.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Folder.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTEL, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

LOSE YOURSELF at Snow Mountain Inn, West Dover, Vermont, in the warmth of '62. New pool, tennis, music festivals. Write for brochure beyond words.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish Cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, Tennis, Beach, Skiing. Couples, Families $88+ weekly. DEwey 9-5730 NYC.

MOUNTAIN IDYLL. 220 acres. 4 apartments. WEDGEWOOD, Canadensis, Pennsylvania.

BOOT AND RACQUET RANCH, Elgin, Arizona. Great tennis; superb riding; 5,200' elevation in mountains makes ideal summer climate. Excellent facilities available. Brochure.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Delightful vacationland in a secluded setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, sandy beach. Excellent food, accommodations and genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

LOAF OR PLAY at picturesque American Plan resort on small lake in famous Rangeley Lakes Region. Write for color brochure. Saddleback Lake Lodge, Rangeley 5, Maine.

JUNE IN PEACE—Writers and readers, hikers, sunners and sitters; luxuriate in the tranquillity of our breezy, sunny, hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and the peace, sweet peace of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Only 4½ hours from New York, 15 minutes from Marlboro. Spacious rooms and lounges, fine food, next-to-nothing pre-season rates. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

BELGRADE. Seven large, crystal-clear lakes. 400 square miles of woodland, streams and countryside. Good fishing, vacationing, fall hunting. Write for free booklet. Specify accommodations desired and when. Belgrade Lakes Region, Inc., Belgrade 7, Maine.

LAMKIN LODGE, Good Hart, Michigan. Distinctive American Plan Summer Resort on Lake Michigan's Shores. Brochure Available.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1470

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. First of the archangels, as generally considered.

B. Important seaport city of N. Chile.

C. Pyrrhotist.

D. Barked snappishly; bound in limp covers which overhang.

E. Commission, esp. if illegally secured or demanded (comp.).

F. Fine mezzo-soprano currently at the Met.

G. Fresh scheme by which one hopes to profit (2 wds.; Dict. of Amer. Slang).

H. Where Charles Kingsley wished "our souls" to be at the last (4 wds.; "The Saint's Tragedy").

I. Low brush, ferns, young trees, etc. of the forest floor.

J. Gift to C.C.N.Y. of German-born philanthropist, where N. Y. City dwellers hear great music in summer (2 wds.).

K. What the sufferer from scotophobia dreads (2 wds.).

L. Official name for India.

WORDS

216 187 115 57 143 127 100

16 53 134 210 93 184 142 61 77 81 105

7 92 88 98 217 66 182 171 126

35 135 145 176 96 60

95 189 207 31 151 181 165

56 118 85 101 136

28 99 36 169 102 15 65 111

121 26 13 94 124 214 113 178 29 62 130

76 11

4 47 43 132 199 54 195 20 104 97 120

24 123 21 140 156 116 211 175 153 198 79

112 8 162 75

149 188 183 68 212 5 139

44 150 32 71 73 80

DEFINITIONS

M. "Jerusalem" in church hymns (2 Latin wds.).

N. What Rossetti's "blessed damozel" did "from the gold bar of Heaven" (2 wds.).

O. Easy way to say what a lychnoscope is (3 wds.).

P. Object endowed with magical powers, or given unreasoning devotion.

Q. Discussed again and again, often to the point of revulsion.

R. *Defeat; ruin; subversion.*

S. Antonym of antiquity.

T. One given to speculative thought.

U. Capital city of Western Hemisphere not at present a region for tourism.

V. Reverted to ownership of the state by failure of proper heirs (said of lands).

W. Attempting to explain too much by a single principle, or inadequate principles.

X. Boiling over.

Y. Navigate the air in a heavier-than-air craft.

WORDS

117 107 168 144 161 10 177 78 42

206 194 128 59 83 119 152 200 163

201 180 48 9 172 103 192 69 148 141 190

108 1

204 70 185 146 110 41

147 72 82 133 3 186 89 170

205 122 45 33 86 37 167 159 208

158 166 215 2 23 179 63 155 196

173 40 46 174 131 22 51 58 84

30 154 91 87 67 125

18 160 39 209 114 137 12 197 203

106 27 34 6 74 164 129 213 52 138

25 55 109 90 64 50 202 191 17

49 193 38 157 19 14

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 O	2 S		3 Q	4 I	5 K	6 W	7 C	8 J	9 O	10 M	11 H		12 V	13 H	14 Y		15 G	16 B	17 X	18 V		19 Y	20 I	21 J
22 T	23 S		24 J	25 X	26 H		27 W	28 G		29 H	30 U	31 E		32 L	33 R	34 W	35 D		36 G	37 R	38 Y	39 V	40 T	
41 P	42 M	43 I		44 L	45 R	46 T	47 I		48 O	49 Y	50 X	51 T	52 W	53 B	54 I		55 X	56 F	57 A	58 T	59 N	60 D		61 B
	62 H	63 S	64 X	65 G		66 C	67 U	68 K		69 O	70 P	71 L	72 Q		73 L	74 W	75 J	76 H	77 B	78 M		79 J	80 L	
81 B	82 Q	83 N		84 T	85 F	86 R	87 U	88 C	89 Q	90 X		91 U	92 C	93 B	94 H	95 E	96 D		97 I	98 C	99 G		100 A	101 F
102 G	103 O		104 I	105 B	106 W		107 M	108 O	109 X	110 P	111 G	112 J		113 H	114 V		115 A	116 J	117 M	118 F	119 N		120 I	121 H
122 R	123 J		124 H	125 U	126 C	127 A		128 N	129 W		130 H	131 T	132 I	133 Q	134 B		135 D		136 F	137 V	138 W	139 K	140 J	141 O
142 B		143 A	144 M		145 D	146 P	147 Q	148 O	149 K	150 L	151 E	152 N	153 J		154 U	155 S		156 J	157 Y	158 S	159 R	160 V		161 M	162 J
163 N		164 W		165 E	166 S	167 R	168 M	169 G	170 Q	171 C		172 O	173 T		174 T	175 J		176 D	177 M	178 H	179 S		180 O	181 E	
182 C	183 K	184 B	185 P	186 Q		187 A		188 K	189 E	190 O		191 X	192 O	193 Y	194 N	195 I		196 S	197 V	198 J		199 I	200 N	201 O
202 X	203 V		204 P	205 R	206 N	207 E		208 R	209 V	210 B		211 J	212 K	213 W	214 H	215 S		216 A	217 C					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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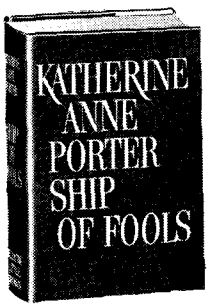

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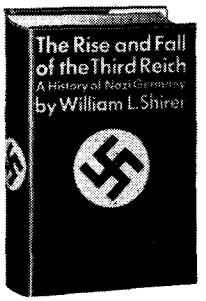

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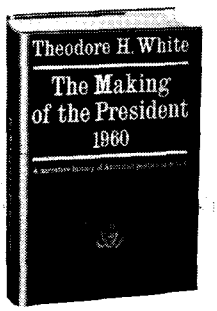

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